

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



## ROSS'S

*Belfast Ginger Ale*

Ross's Royal Lime Juice Cordial we believe will be found as acceptable as Ross's Ginger Ale.

By Appointment Cyder makers to  
H.M. KING GEORGE VI. H.M. QUEEN MARY  
William Gaymer & Son Ltd. Attleborough & London

## Gaymer's

CYDER

*Famous for over 300 years*

## McVITIE & PRICE

EDINBURGH

LONDON

MANCHESTER

Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits



By Appointment  
Toilet Soap Makers  
to H.M. King George VI

Fine English Soaps  
in the  
**Bronnley**  
Tradition

A new and superior blend of

## HARDEN'S

PURE CHINA TEA

is now available from high-grade grocers and provision stores

**BEST FOR A GUEST**

## Bass



## GREYS are great CIGARETTES

For

## Colds

USE THE

## VAPEX INHALER

Ready for Use. Of all Chemists.

V294

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.  
SANITARY POLISH MANUFACTURERS. RONUK LTD., PORTSLADE

## RONUK

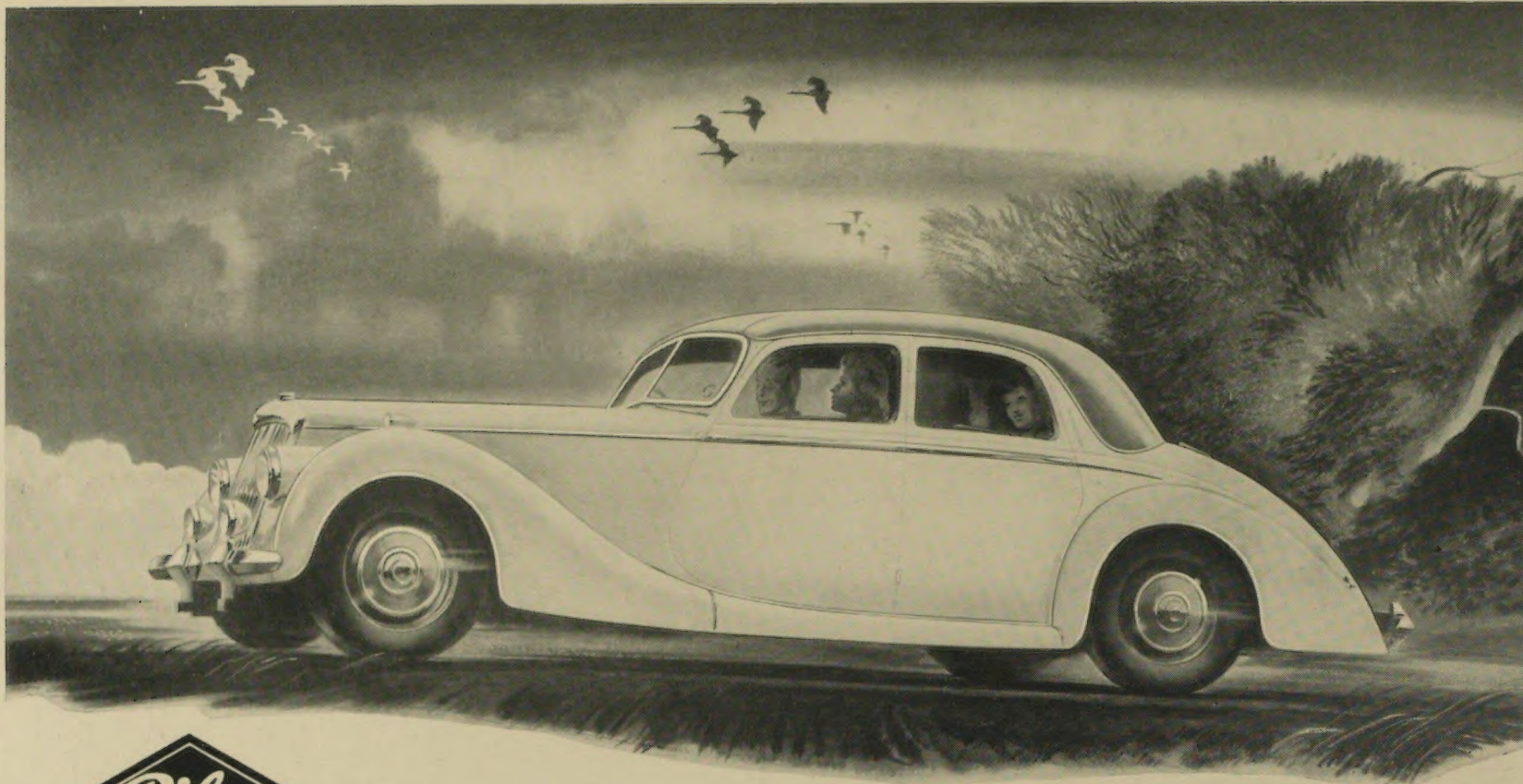
POLISHES

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

## UNITED BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY Ltd.

BYRON HOUSE, 7/9, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1





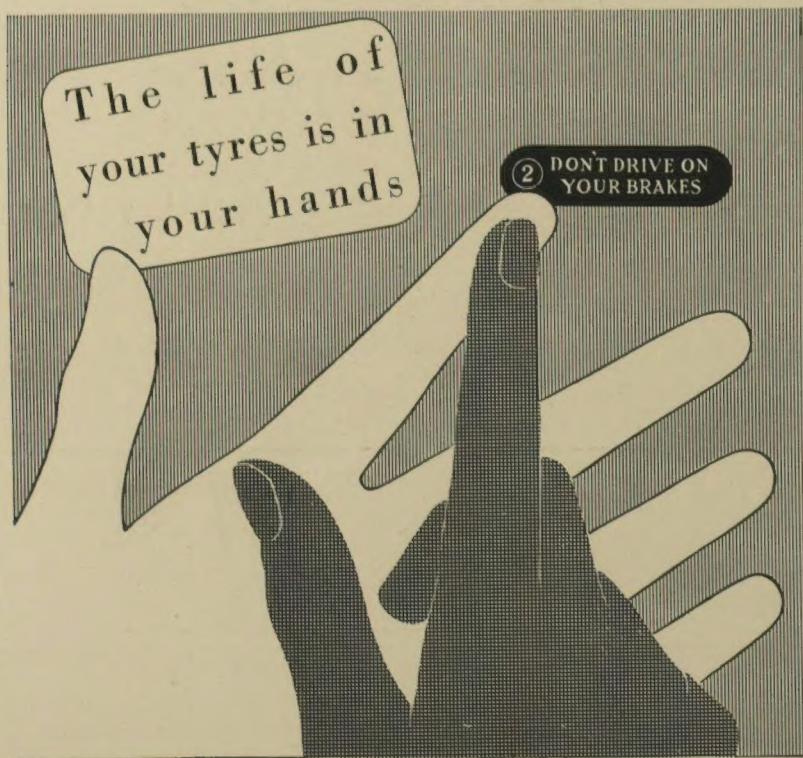
FOR MAGNIFICENT  
MOTORING

100 h.p. 2½ litre Saloon. 1½ litre Saloon.

## *The car you want to stay in . . .*

It's so pleasant to be in the driving seat of a Riley where you are master of exciting engine power, a steering system that is a sheer joy to handle and brakes that are always ready to turn surprise into complete safety. It's so pleasant to handle this individually-built car of distinctive character that you are always rather sorry to get out of it.

RILEY MOTORS LIMITED, Sales Division, COWLEY, OXFORD. London Showrooms: "RILEY CARS," 55-56 Pall Mall, S.W.1  
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1.



**INDIA TYRES** are too much in demand to be "on demand." Treated with care they will give the longest service of any tyre made to-day.



**MORE MILES PER GALLON** ➡

**AC**

**WITH AIRCRAFT INSULATOR** ➡

**AC**

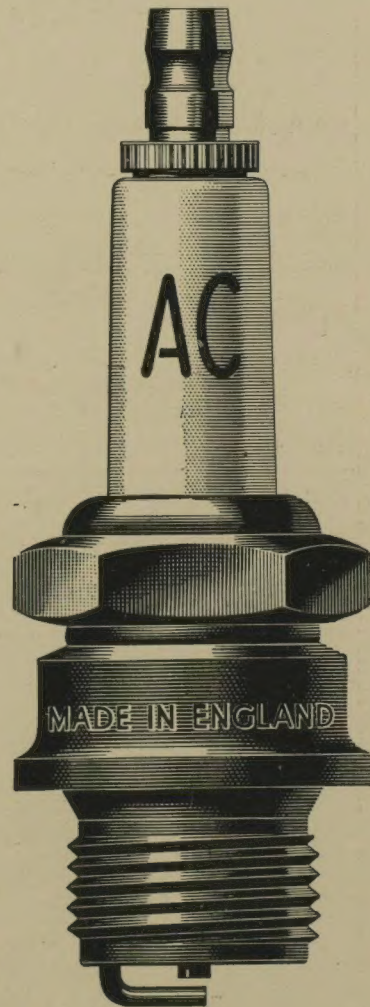
**QUICK, CERTAIN STARTING** ➡

**AC**

**A BRITISH PRODUCT** ➡

**AC**

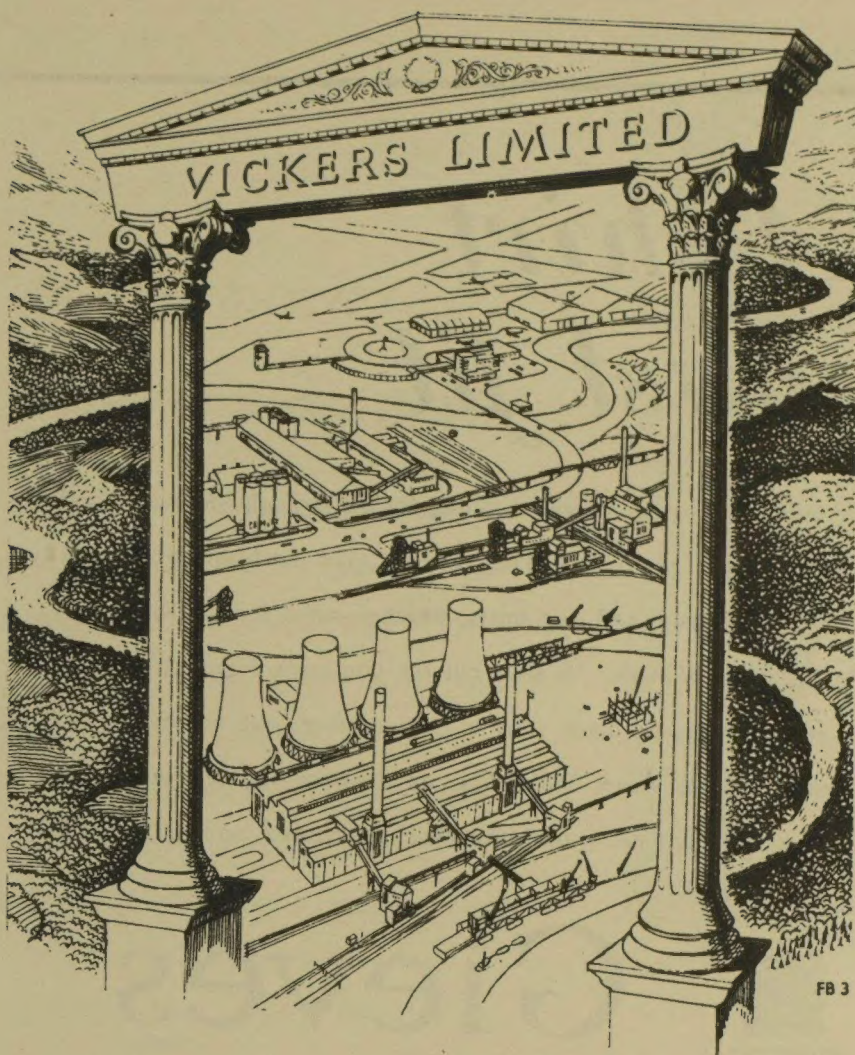
**MADE BY GENERAL MOTORS** ➡



AC-SPHINX SPARK PLUG CO. DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS LTD. DUNSTABLE, ENGLAND

**AC SPARK PLUGS**





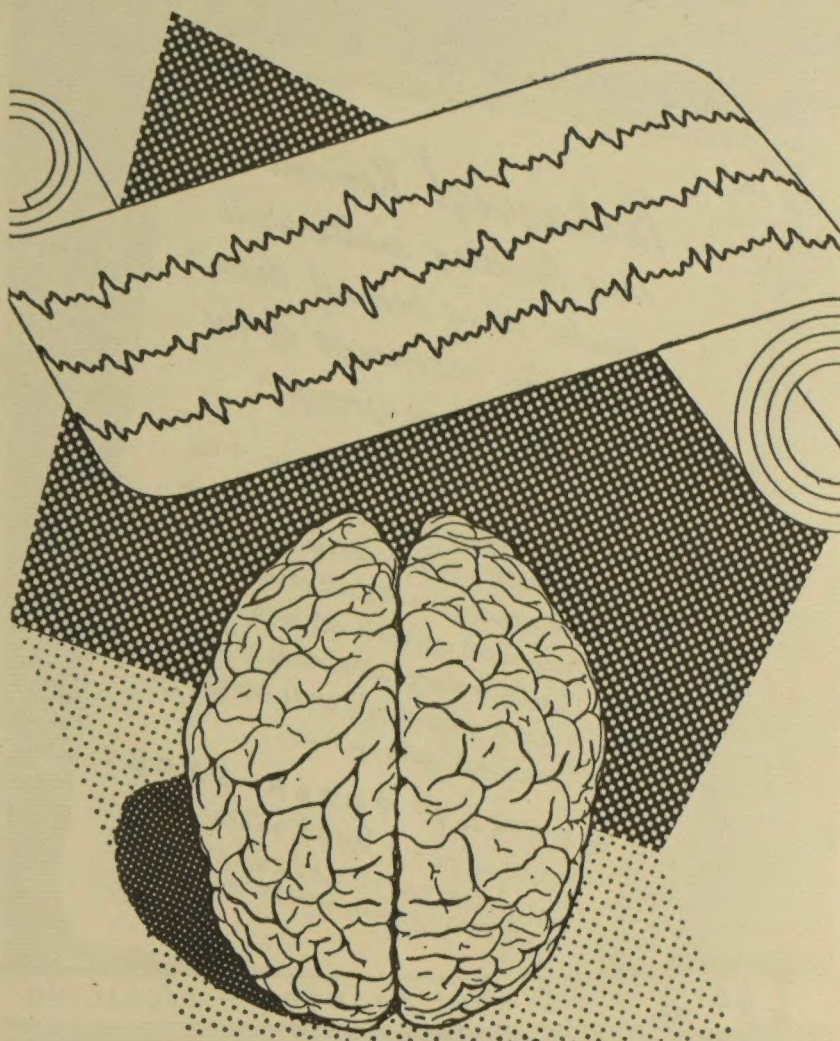
## A RICHER COUNTRY *through British Skill*

Capital and manpower cannot of themselves produce a thriving new industry. The missing element, although not easily described in one word, is often called technique; the right machines correctly designed and skilfully operated. How can this be acquired? The process of trial and error is costly and slow. Fortunately, there are organisations—such as the Vickers Group in Britain—able to provide not only the most up-to-date production machinery, but also advice on its operation based on long experience. The field that Vickers covers includes transport by land, sea and air; mining; and manufacturing of many kinds, both light and heavy. A cross-section of the Group's work can be seen at an Exhibition now being held at Vickers House, Broadway, London, S.W.1.

**VICKERS**  
GROUP OF COMPANIES

### *Some of the Products:*

HEAVY TRACTORS · RAILWAY ROLLING STOCK · 'CLEARING' PRESSES  
OPTICAL MEASURING AND SURVEYING INSTRUMENTS · MINE WINDERS  
SKIPS AND CAGES · CEMENT MACHINERY · CONSTRUCTIONAL STEEL WORK



## What can be done with a brainwave?

You've had brainwaves all your life, actual electrical activity in your head which you have probably known nothing about. But neurologists can tell a great deal about your mental state by studying this activity with the aid of electroencephalographs (taking it more easily, electro-encephalo-graphs, commonly known as E.E.G.s) which magnify the minute currents 3 million times. These instruments are made by Ediswan. Electrocardiographs for recording heartbeats, X-ray and other electro-medical equipment are made by Newton Victor. Better and more restful lighting is provided by B.T.H., Ediswan and Metrovick—in fact the companies forming A.E.I. are constantly contributing to the health and comfort of the British people.

**AEI**

Associated Electrical Industries

*You have met the family:—*

The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.  
Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd.  
The Edison Swan Electric Co. Ltd.  
Ferguson Pailin Ltd.  
The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co. Ltd.  
International Refrigerator Co. Ltd.  
Newton Victor Ltd.  
Premier Electric Heaters Ltd.



*Packaging! Remember that Medway multi-wall sacks have behind them all the resources of the Reed Paper Group\**

★ The Reed Paper Group is one of the biggest paper making organisations in the world. It pioneered in this country the manufacture of Kraft paper on wide high-speed machines and is to-day the largest producer in the whole of Europe of that tough Kraft paper from which multi-wall sacks are made.

**MEDWAY PAPER SACKS**  
DIVISION OF THE **Reed PAPER GROUP**  
**MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LIMITED**  
LARKFIELD • NEAR MAIDSTONE • KENT



THE SYMBOL OF MODERN PACKAGING

## A shirt must fit

A tailor has strong views on shirts, for an ill-made shirt can spoil the look of a good suit. Therefore we take the business of shirt-making seriously, and our shirts, whether made for you or ready-made, are well-made. A shirt cut for you costs from 82/6. And a very good ready-made shirt is, for instance, our collar-attached cream Taffeta, which looks like an all-wool taffeta but washes like a handkerchief—unshrinkable: guaranteed so: price 42/7.



By Appointment  
Naval Outfitters to  
H.M. The King  
ESTABLISHED 1785

# Gieves

Limited

27 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1



**Wherever Timber is Used Solignum Protects it!**

The preservation of timber has always been important, but its present shortage renders the need for Solignum even more imperative. For over 40 years Solignum has been used for the protection of wood-work against dry-rot and decay. It destroys the dry-rot fungus wherever brought into contact with it and gives complete immunity against attack.

Solignum is also used all over the world for the protection of timber against attack by white ant, wood borers and other destructive insects. But it must be Solignum—applied by brush coating, spray guns or by dipping.

SOLE MAKERS **Solignum Ltd., Donington House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.2**



HOUSE OF MONRO

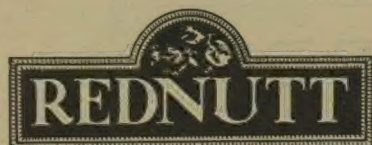
### A GRAND OLD SHERRY

**OF GREAT AGE**

**AND**

**DISTINCT**

**CHARACTER**



ANCIENT BROWNE SHERRY

Shipped and Guaranteed by  
**MORENO Y CA., JEREZ, SPAIN**

Available from  
leading Wine Merchants.






*Now your bicycle's  
all over my towel!*

Young men of every generation are slow to realise how difficult it is to remove grime by washing. The housewife, looking at her towels, has needed little telling. Within recent years sodium phosphates have come to her help. New washing powders, anonymously containing Albright & Wilson phosphate products — although hardly abolishing washdays — are making clothes cleaner and whiter with much less effort on the housewife's part.

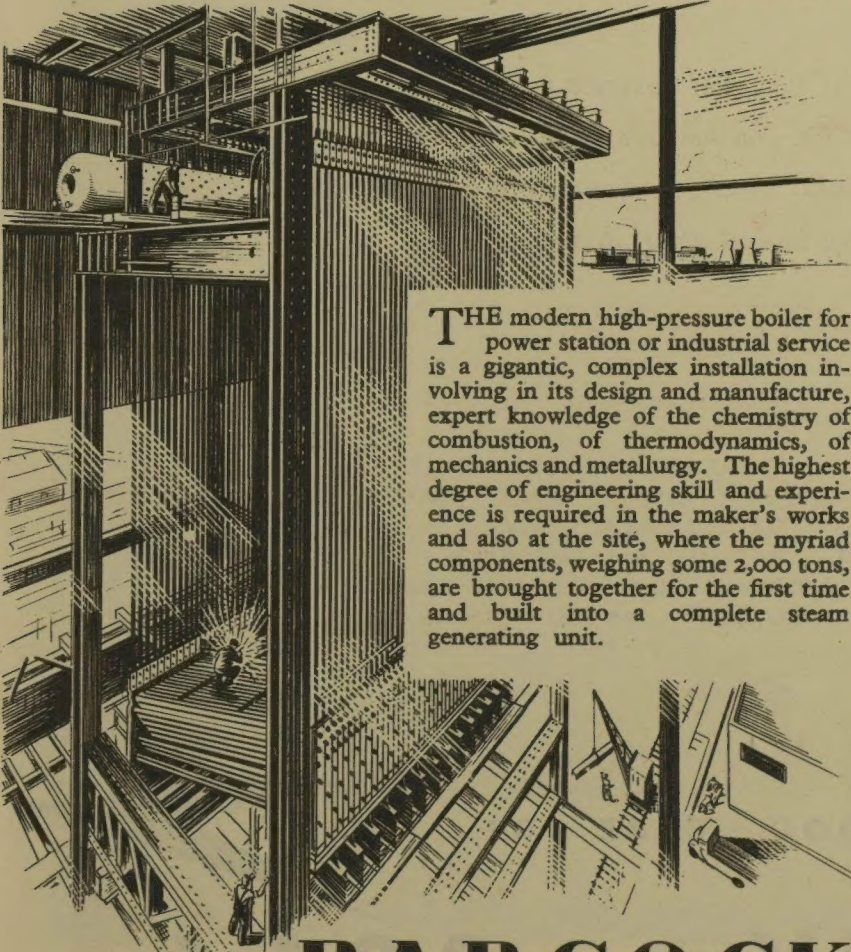


**ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD**

*Chemicals for Industry* 

49, PARK LANE, LONDON W.1

**THE POWER OF BRITAIN**



THE modern high-pressure boiler for power station or industrial service is a gigantic, complex installation involving in its design and manufacture, expert knowledge of the chemistry of combustion, of thermodynamics, of mechanics and metallurgy. The highest degree of engineering skill and experience is required in the maker's works and also at the site, where the myriad components, weighing some 2,000 tons, are brought together for the first time and built into a complete steam generating unit.

**BABCOCK**

STEAM RAISING PLANT

BABCOCK & WILCOX LIMITED

BABCOCK HOUSE, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C.4

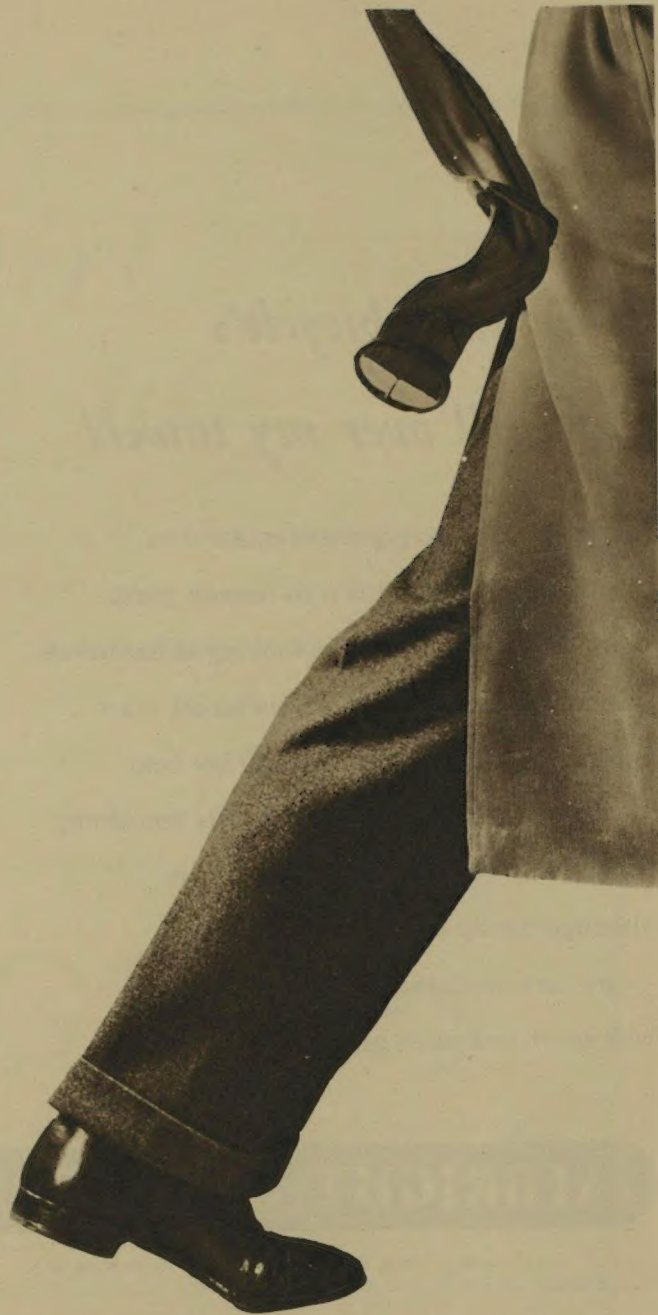


FIRTH - VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD., SHEFFIELD



# Henry Mortlake and the air-fare illusion

Henry Mortlake\* is an important man. He's a big man in big business who has to travel often and far. He knows that one face-to-face talk is worth two dozen letters; and often he needs to see what overseas offices are up to. Unlike the majority of his kind, he seldom travels by air. He says it's too expensive. So by *not* flying, Henry saves £50 on his 1,000-mile fare — and wastes £100-worth of his time. (He doesn't even save the whole of that £50 really, because his air-fare would cover all the tips and extras that often add as much as 10% to fares that aren't air-fares!)



*By flying, you save days, weeks which, if you're a business man, will mean money. Flying by B.O.A.C., you needn't spend a penny on tips, extras or mealtime drinks. And your journey is simple, trouble-free, comfortable; everything looked after, done for you, made easy from start to finish!*



Consult your Travel Agent or  
B.O.A.C.: Airways Terminal,  
Victoria, S.W.1 (VICTORIA  
2323) or 75 Regent St., W.1  
(MAYfair 6611).

GREAT BRITAIN • USA  
BERMUDA • CANADA • NASSAU • ITALY • SWITZERLAND  
WEST INDIES • SOUTH AMERICA • SPAIN • PORTUGAL  
MIDDLE EAST • WEST AFRICA • EAST AFRICA • SOUTH  
AFRICA • PAKISTAN • INDIA • CEYLON • AUSTRALIA  
NEW ZEALAND • FAR EAST • JAPAN

**WINGS  
DAY**  
SATURDAY, SEP. 15

Give for  
those  
who Gave

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

**FLY** BRITISH BY **B.O.A.C.**

\*Fictitious  
Character

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION IN ASSOCIATION WITH QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD., SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS AND TASMAN EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD.



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

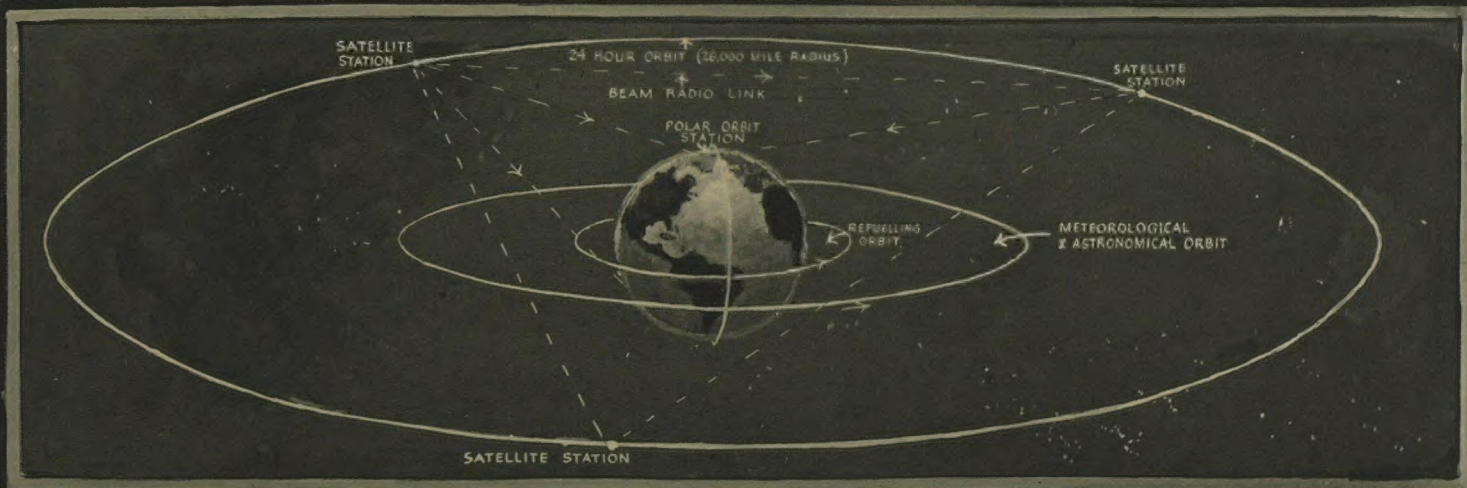
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1951.



G. H. DAVIS  
1951

ORBITS OF SATELLITE STATIONS



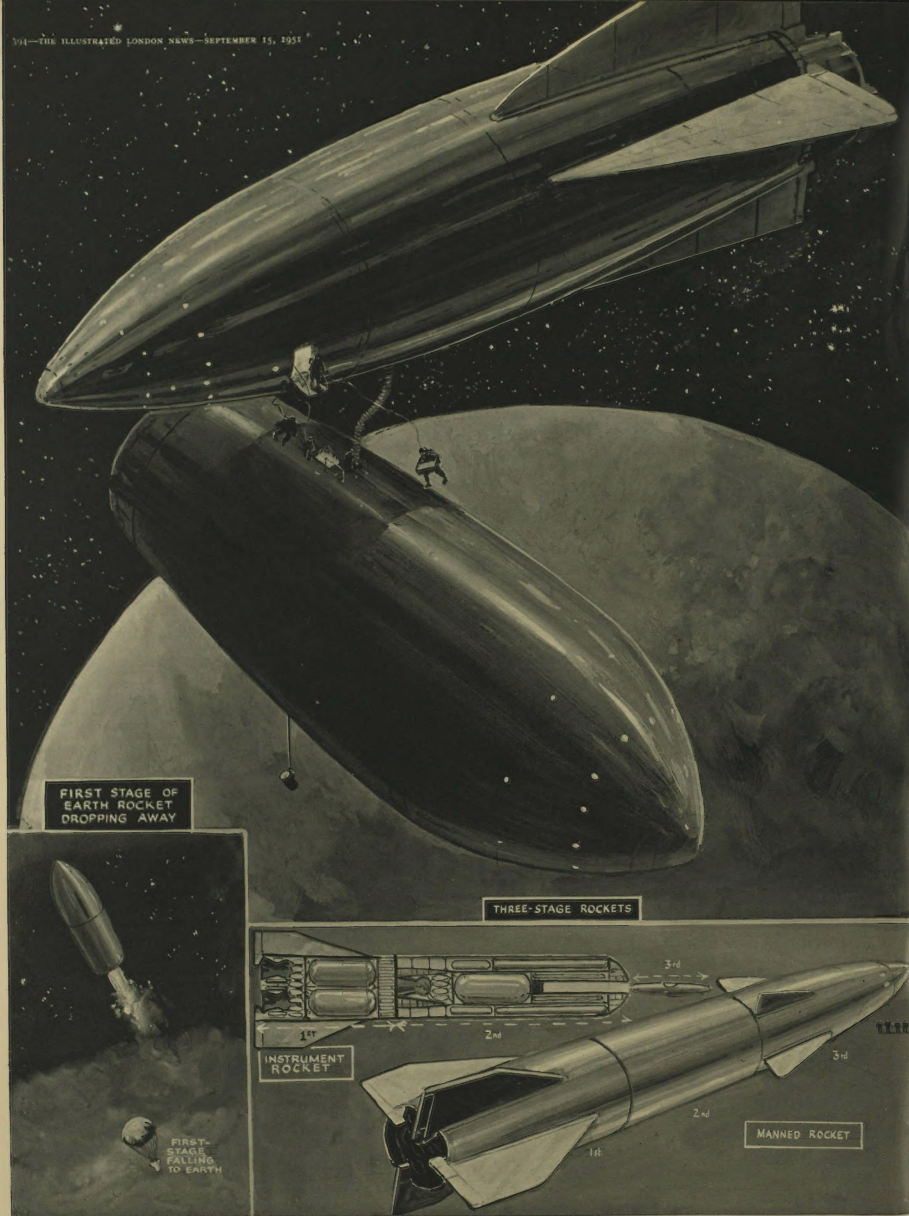
## THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS THE CONQUEST OF SPACE: AN UN-MANNED SATELLITE STATION CIRCLING THE EARTH.

Recently British, German and American scientists interested in the problems of interplanetary communication met in conference at Caxton Hall, Westminster, and made public their plans for the conquest of space. It is now generally recognised that the first step should be the placing of satellite stations in space round the earth. Initially, these stations would not be manned and may follow the lines of the one illustrated on this page, which was designed by Mr. Eric Burgess, F.R.A.S., and uses a solar mirror focused on a central heating

coil to produce steam, which drives a closed-circuit engine. This in turn produces electric power for operating the cosmic-ray telescopes, radar, television services and other instruments. Once in position, the satellite station would circle the earth in its orbit. The solar mirror would always point towards the sun, and below the station an arm carrying the radio transmitting and receiving instruments would project—a universal joint mounting ensuring that it always pointed earthward.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF MESSRS. ERIC BURGESS AND A. C. CLARKE, OF THE BRITISH INTERPLANETARY SOCIETY.



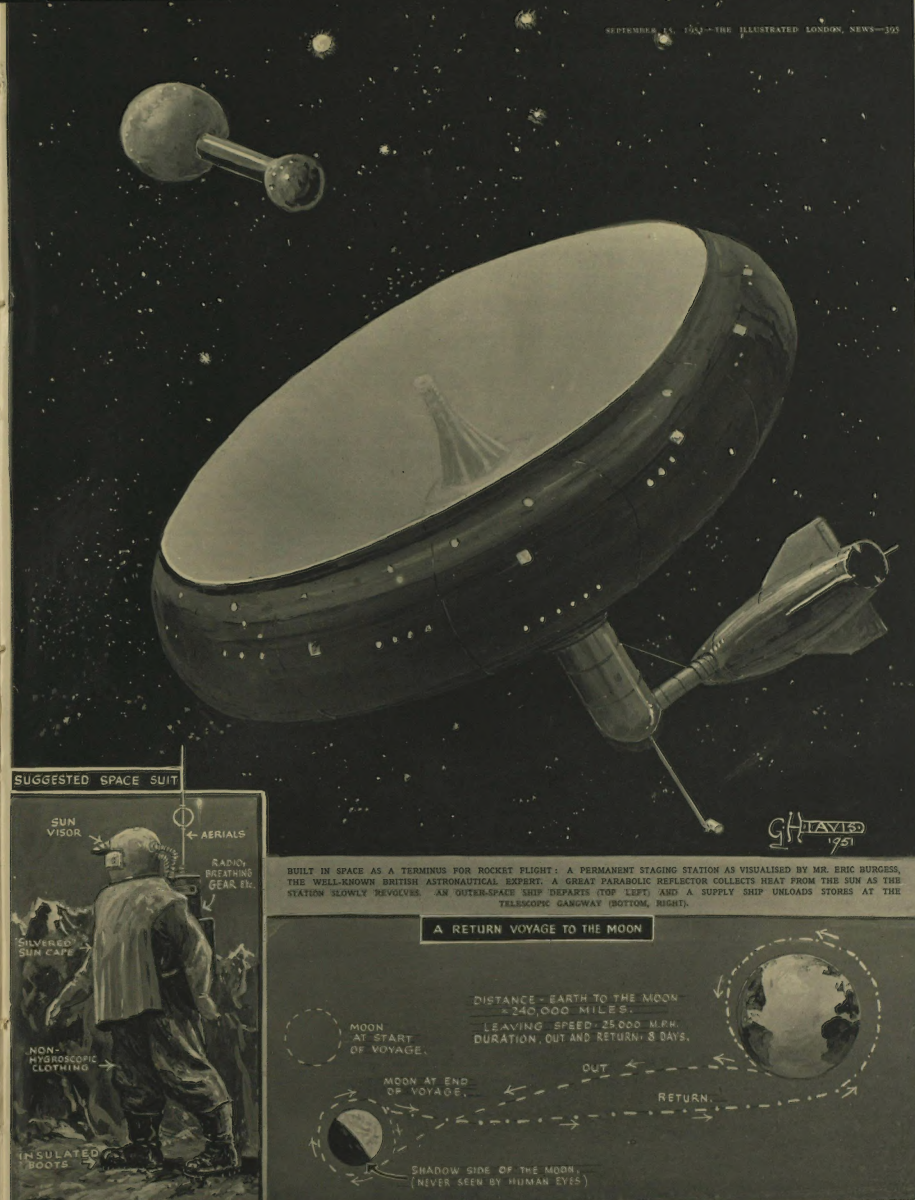


## THE CONQUEST OF SPACE: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE FINAL STAGES WHEN MEN LIVE IN

That flights into outer space are passing from the realm of speculation into that of possibility was made evident at the recent conference of scientists interested in interplanetary communication. It was stated that the establishment of the first satellite station in space (see frontpiece) was a certainty within the lifetime of thousands alive to-day. This first station will be the forerunner of more ambitious "Clapham Junctions" stationed in space. No one knows exactly what these stations will look like, but the experts are now prepared to express an opinion, and this has been taken as the foundation for these drawings by our Artist, who himself has been keenly interested in space flight for many years and saw experiments in

chemical rocket flight at the Raketenflugplatz, in Berlin, over twenty years ago. The first step will be the establishment of un-manned satellite stations, probably consisting of a three-stage rocket sent up from the earth. These stations will record for a considerable time data from which, at a later stage, man-carrying rockets will be built for journeys into space. These rockets may well be used as satellite stations, as depicted in the left-hand drawing above, which, "anchored" in space, will be supplied by cargo rockets from the earth and in turn supply space ships exploring the Moon. Later on it may be possible to transport materials into space and there build permanent stations, as shown in our top right-hand drawing. Power would

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE



## SATELLITE SPACE STATIONS AND INTREPID EXPLORERS SET OUT ON A JOURNEY ROUND THE MOON.

be derived from the heat of the sun collected by a great parabolic reflector, round which would be placed the store-rooms, laboratories and living quarters. The station would slowly revolve to provide what is termed artificial gravity with zero gravity at the axis. As an astronomical observatory, the space-station would be invaluable, for the earth's atmosphere is a severe handicap to astronomical research. In cloudless space comparatively small telescopes could be used to open up new vistas of the heavenly bodies. In physics a new range of experiments could be conducted, including large-scale vacuum research, and in the fields of chemistry and biology new discoveries might be made. These great stations may not be

Co-OPERATION OF THE BRITISH INTERPLANETARY SOCIETY.

established for a century or so, but that they will be established is certain. To many the question of space stations and travel in outer space may appear fantastic but it is no more so than many of the commonplace of life to-day, such as electricity, aircraft and steel ships would have been to our forbears 200 years ago. With the application of atomic energy to scientific purposes will come not only these space stations but journeys to the Moon and back, followed by landings on our satellite and, later, trips to the nearer planets, Mars and Venus, and Alpha Centauri (the nearest star to the earth). The journey to Mars has already been planned in full detail by a noted German astronautical and rocket expert.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

OF all the diseases which afflict man the disease of self-righteousness seems the most destructive and fatal in its consequences. It is one to which our modern age is peculiarly prone. More terrible than cancer or polio, it sweeps through the ranks of the world's statesmen and, transmitted by the infectious agency of the Press and Radio, through the great newspaper-reading and wireless-listening public of every country. To-day it is not economic competition or dynastic ambition or even nationalism that causes mass-scale war between man and man, so much as the mania for moral denunciation and self-justification that seems to have seized upon the world's leaders. From Hitler to Stalin, from Colonel McCormack to our own modest Boanerges of the Parish Pump and the annual Congress or Conference, they, and we, have all indulged or are indulging in the growing habit of denouncing, in completely unmeasured terms, our fellow-mortals, and lauding to the skies, at least by implication, our own pea-green and incorruptible rightness and righteousness. The opening words of the General Confession seem to have no application to the leaders of the modern world: "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done and there is no health in us." On the contrary, we insist, it is others who have invariably left undone the things they should have done and done the things they should not have done. We, for our part, are never like that, but like that son of George III. who during the reading of the Ten Commandments was usually heard to respond in a loud aside: "No, no: it's my brother George that does that!"

I cannot see where this road of righteous and mutually denunciatory anger can take mankind, except to the dust-heap and the charnel pit. Righteous anger against another individual is destructive enough; such fury applied to whole classes of men and women, Nazis and Russians, bourgeois and reactionaries, "pinks" and "reds," is not only, given the destructiveness and universality of modern weapons, racial suicide; it is a kind of gangrene of the spirit that plunges whole multitudes into mental and spiritual misery and mortification. No one ever found contentment or achieved anything creative through hatred. For to hate is to be buried alive in a hell of one's own imagining.

The Founder and fathers of the Christian religion realised this truth with great clarity. It was one of their principal gifts to mankind. They did not proclaim, as is often erroneously assumed, by those who have only studied their teaching superficially, that a Christian should have no adversaries or that he should refrain from opposing them or even, when necessary, from contending against their evil actions or designs with physical force. They merely insisted that all hatred was invariably evil in its consequences and destructive of good, and that a Christian must never hate and must, instead, try to love his enemies. The greater one's experience of life and the closer one's understanding of one's own nature, the clearer the reason for this becomes. To oppose one's enemy, to defeat his ends because they are bad and destructive, to ensure that the evil he pursues is resisted, may be, and frequently is, a duty for Christian men. But to hate him as part of the process of resistance to evil is to injure one's own self as much as, or even more than, one injures him. It is to unloose a train of evil whose power for harm is incalculable. It is to create the very evil one is opposing and perhaps an even worse evil.

It is this, of course, that critics of the Christian religion have had in mind when they have spoken of the harm which religion has done to mankind. They cite the wars, the persecutions, the cruelties which religious men in their self-righteousness have perpetrated on their fellows. But we can see now, in an irreligious age, that such disasters are brought about just as readily, and, indeed, even more so, by the far greater self-righteousness

and intolerance of zealots who profess no religion whatever. The Christian fanatics who scourged mankind in the past were at least checked in their cruelty by the professions of humility which the Christian faith imposed on its adherents; even Cromwell, it will be remembered, was in the periodic habit of describing himself as the greatest of sinners. The crusaders of the Kremlin never think of describing themselves in this way at all; the very suggestion of error in them is a kind of treason punishable by death and torture. They are invariably right, and those who disagree with or oppose them are invariably and vilely and unforgivably wrong. It is not religion that produces intolerance and self-righteousness in men but human nature, or perhaps it would be truer to say, a disease of human nature which seems to attack in particular those whose ability brings them success. It is the occupational disease, in fact, of dictators, emperors, statesmen, directors,

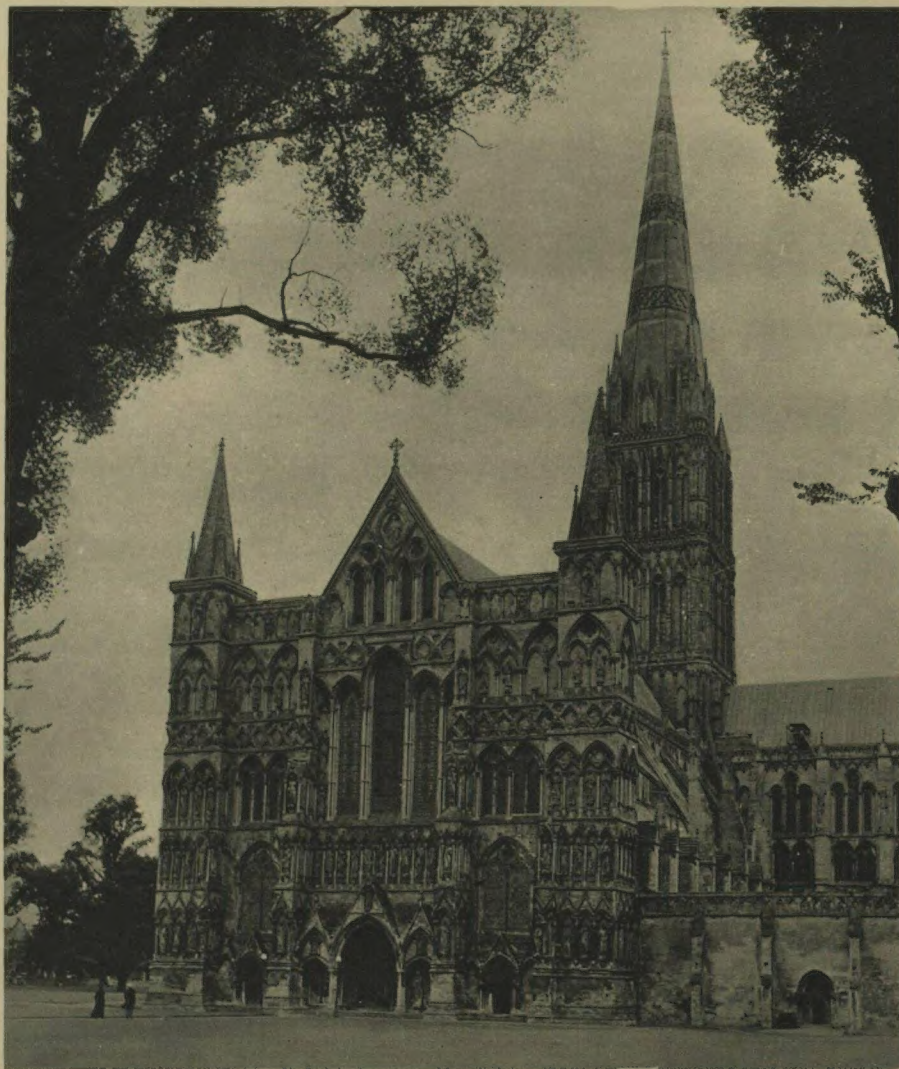
principals, bosses, big-wigs and potentates of every description and denomination, and one against which all those who attain to such lofty altitudes need to be constantly on guard. And since they were only human, it was inevitable that many Christian rulers, bishops and even sometimes saints, should, in the past, have suffered from this disease like other men.

The virtue of Christianity—one, I think, unique in religions—is that it consistently sets itself, however often unsuccessfully, to counter this fatal tendency. The opening words of our Anglican Morning Service, with an exquisite understanding of human nature, makes this point again and again: that the first elementary step towards spiritual health is to confess and acknowledge one's own moral infirmity. "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed . . . he shall save his soul alive." "I acknowledge my transgression and my sin is ever before me." "Hide Thy face from my sins and blot out mine iniquities." "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." Whoever heard of a statesman or leader of the modern democratic and non-sectarian State talking like this? Or a popular broadcaster on political subjects? Their perennial theme, repeated *ad nauseam*, is their own unfailing, infallible rightness and righteousness. And it is this, it seems, which causes them to hate so furiously—to their own spiritual hurt and that of mankind—and to denounce so intemperately everyone who opposes or disagrees with them.

A pinch of humility in them, one feels, would render the policies they pursue in our name so much

more charitable and tolerant, and so much more likely to be acceptable to others. After the provision of the necessary means to defend Western civilisation—and wealth—against a potential aggressor, I can think of no measure more likely to avert the calamity of another war than a self-denying ordinance, on the part of statesmen and public men of all kinds, to refrain, while pointing out the errors of their opponents' policies, from branding those opponents with opprobrious names and terms of violent abuse.

In the ordinary intercourse of everyday social life common prudence and convenience have taught us to refrain from applying such language to our neighbours and to those with whom we converse, for, as we have learnt from early experience, such self-indulgence almost inevitably results in an explosion of anger and retaliation so violent as to deprive us of all peace. It leads, in other words, to a sock on the jaw, physical or mental. But statesmen, whose public utterances are not subject to this salutary and instantaneous check, can indulge in this foolish vice to their heart's content without experiencing any unpleasant personal consequences; they are merely cheered for them by their supporters. The evil consequences come later, and fall, not on themselves, but on whole multitudes—in trenches, in blitzed cities, in concentration camps, in famine, pestilence, slaughter and sudden death.



THE COMPLETION OF REPAIRS TO THE SPIRE OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL: "ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE FEATS IN BUILDING OF ALL TIME" PRESERVED FOR POSTERITY AND SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MANY MONTHS WITHOUT THE STEEPLEJACKS' SCAFFOLDING.

On April 27 last year it was announced that the 404-ft. spire of Salisbury Cathedral was in danger, and an appeal for £100,000 was launched to enable repairs to be made to the spire, the tower and the roof. The work on the spire has necessitated the removal and replacement of the cross, capstone and uppermost 25 ft. of stonework. On August 23 last year the last piece of stone was removed from the top of the spire, and on November 15 a copper cylinder was inserted in the new capstone containing a foil of engraved copper bearing a complete record of the restoration work. On December 5 the new 9 ft. 7 in. cross was raised into position, and on September 7 this year the steeplejacks completed their work.



# THE ROYAL FAMILY AT BRAEMAR: THIS YEAR'S BRILLIANT GATHERING.

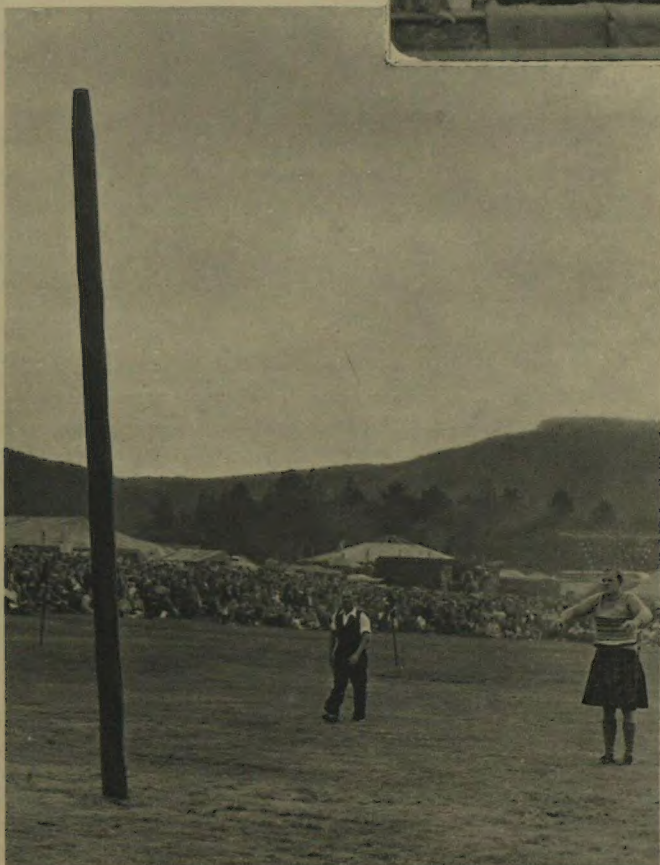


HELD IN BRILLIANT WEATHER ON SEPTEMBER 6: THE BRAEMAR GATHERING IN PRINCESS ROYAL PARK, WHICH WAS ATTENDED BY A RECORD CROWD OF 30,000 SPECTATORS.

THIS year's Braemar Gathering was held in beautiful weather on September 6, and attended by an immense crowd, estimated at 30,000 people, including many overseas visitors. The Royal party arrived just after 3 o'clock, and were greeted by seven pipe bands, which struck up "The 79th's Farewell to Gibraltar." The weather was so agreeable that their Majesties decided to watch some of the events from outside the Royal pavilion, the first time they have done this for many years. One of the chief events was George Clark's success in tossing the outsize Braemar caber, 21 ft. long and weighing over 2 cwt., which, till then, had defied all comers. This year the Braemar Royal Highland Society had offered a special £10 prize to the man who could toss it; and George Clark, with a mighty heave, successfully did so at the third attempt. His Majesty travelled to London by train on Friday night, September 7, for a consultation with his radiologist and his medical advisers, and flew back to Scotland on Saturday afternoon in an aircraft of the King's Flight.



IN THE HEATHER-BEDECKED ROYAL PAVILION: MRS. A. A. FARQUHARSON OF INVERCAULD, PRINCESS MARGARET, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (BEHIND), THE MARQUESS OF ABERDEEN, LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY, THE QUEEN, THE KING, AND CAPTAIN A. A. FARQUHARSON, LAIRD OF INVERCAULD.



A GREAT FEAT: GEORGE CLARK OF GRANGE TOSSES THE OUTSIZE BRAEMAR CABER, 21 FT. LONG AND OVER 2 CWT. IN WEIGHT, TO WIN THE SPECIAL PRIZE OF £10.



"STRATHSPEYS AND REELS PUT LIFE AND METTLE IN THEIR HEELS": A QUARTET OF COMPETITORS IN THE MEN'S OPEN DANCING CONTEST, ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE EVENTS.

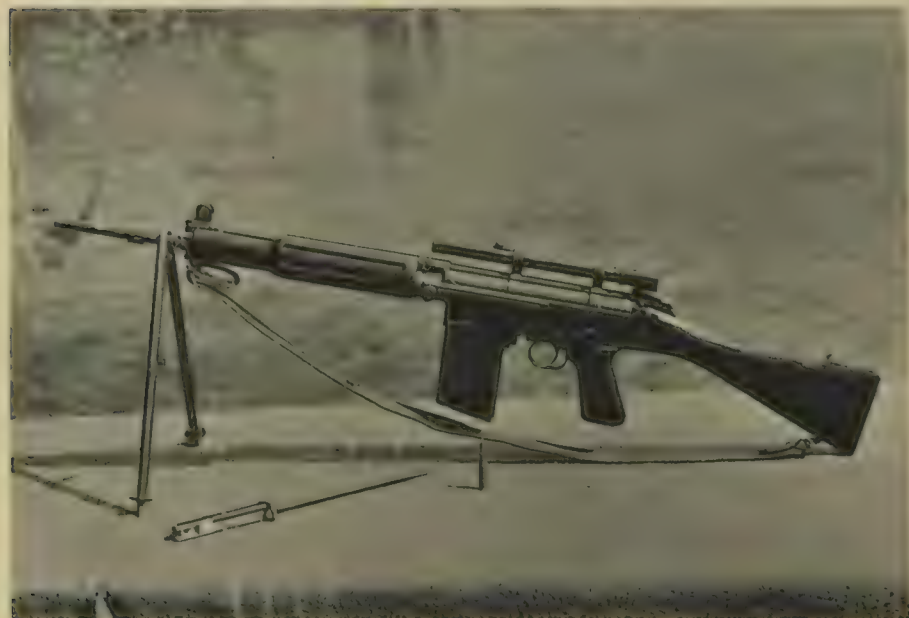


# MATTERS MILITARY AND AERONAUTICAL, AND A GERMAN ROYAL WEDDING.



SWARMING ROUND THE B.O.A.C. COMET JET AIR-LINER: INDIANS WELCOMING THE AIRCRAFT AT NEW DELHI AFTER ITS EIGHT MILES-A-MINUTE FLIGHT FROM AHMEDABAD.

On September 2 a Comet jet air-liner on a test flight for the British Overseas Airways Corporation flew from Karachi to Ahmedabad, a distance of 324 miles in 63 minutes, and in the afternoon went on to New Delhi, covering the distance of 800 miles in 100 minutes.



RECENTLY DEMONSTRATED BEFORE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE N.A.T.O. POWERS: THE NEW BELGIAN '280 RIFLE; SHOWING THE BAYONET, A ROUND, AND THE SNIPER'S TELESCOPE-SIGHT. The new Belgian '280 rifle, a rival of the British weapon of the same calibre illustrated in our issue of August 18, was demonstrated before representatives of the N.A.T.O. Powers at the range at Brasschaat, near Antwerp, on September 6. Features of the weapon are the interchangeability of magazines for the rifle and light machine-gun, the traditional wooden butt, which enables the weapon to be used for drill and ceremonial parades, and the telescopic sights which can be slipped on for use in sniping.



THE SHAH OF PERSIA DRIVING A BRITISH LAND-ROVER CAR DURING A RECENT INSPECTION OF PERSIAN ARMY MANOEUVRES NEAR TEHERAN RECENTLY. ON HIS RIGHT IS HIS ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF.

On September 9 Dr. Moussadek, the Persian Prime Minister, failed for the second time to get a quorum in the Majlis for a vote of confidence for his plan to send the British Government a fifteen-days ultimatum to resume the oil negotiations, failing which the Persian Government would withdraw the residence permits of the British staff still at Abadan. At the date of writing it was believed that he would go ahead with this plan even without a vote of confidence behind him.



LEAVING THE MARKTKIRCHE, IN HANOVER, AFTER THE WEDDING CEREMONY: PRINCE ERNST AUGUST OF HANOVER AND HIS BRIDE, PRINCESS ORTRUD. Prince Ernst August of Hanover, grandson of the last German Emperor and great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria, married Princess Ortrud of Schleswig-Holstein-Glücksburg in Hanover on September 4. Among those present at the ceremony were the King and Queen of Greece, who were accompanied by their daughter Princess Sophia. Prince Ernst August is Queen Frederika's elder brother.



JOINT INVESTIGATIONS OF A NEW ALLEGED INCIDENT AT KAESONG: ADMIRAL KINNEY (LEFT, CENTRE) HOLDS A FRAGMENT, WHICH A COMMUNIST OFFICER (RIGHT) CLAIMS TO BE PART OF A BOMB DROPPED BY U.N. AIRCRAFT.

During the continued deadlock in the armistice talks at Kaesong, the Allied Command investigated on August 31 three new Communist charges. The first was that U.N. aircraft had dropped a parachute flare in the neutral zone near the Communist team's quarters. The second was that armed U.N. forces attacked the neutral zone, seven soldiers entering the zone itself; while the third alleged that armed personnel attacked a Communist military policeman near the zone border. A number of other "violations" were also listed by Peking Radio.



A SYSTEM THAT HAS ENABLED THE U.S. AIR FORCE TO GIVE INSTRUCTION IN NIGHT REFUELLING OPERATIONS: TRAFFIC LIGHTS ON THE UNDERSIDE OF A TANKER AIRCRAFT.

Four red and one green light on the underside of Boeing KB-29 and KC-97 tanker aircraft are used in refuelling operations to advise the receiver pilot when his aircraft is in or out of the correct position for fuel transference.



# THE JAPANESE PEACE TREATY SIGNED: A HISTORIC OCCASION AT SAN FRANCISCO.



(ABOVE.)  
THE OPENING OF THE JAPANESE  
PEACE TREATY CONFERENCE ON  
SEPTEMBER 4: PRESIDENT TRUMAN  
APPLAUDED BY DR. WARREN  
KELCHNER, GOVERNOR EARL WARREN  
AND MR. DEAN ACHESON.

THE Peace Treaty returning to Japan her sovereign status was duly signed by 49 out of an invited 54 nations, (the Soviet Union, Poland and Czechoslovakia declining) at the Opera House, San Francisco, on September 8. Two Powers, India and Burma, had rejected the invitations. Mr. Gromyko, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, who had attempted to circumvent the rules of procedure and have the Russian amendments discussed and voted upon, declared at a Press conference that the Treaty was not calculated to stabilise peace, but was "a draft for a new war." In opening the conference on September 4, President Truman had warned Japan that she would not find the world entirely friendly and trusting at first. The conception of the Treaty dates from when the United States, discouraged by the Russian vetoes in the Council of Foreign Ministers, appointed Mr. John Foster Dulles to negotiate it. He visited Japan and Europe; the United States and Great Britain produced drafts, and in June composed a text for submission to interested nations, including Russia, asking for comments. Russia ignored the negotiations, but later said the Treaty violated U.N. separate peace clauses.



JAPAN SIGNS THE TREATY WHICH ENDS THE STATE OF WAR BETWEEN HER AND THE ALLIES: MR. SHIGERU YOSHIDA, THE PREMIER, AFFIXING HIS SIGNATURE, WATCHED BY HIS DELEGATION.



MR. GROMYKO ADDRESSING THE CONFERENCE—HE ATTEMPTED TO DELAY THE SIGNING BY REPEATEDLY ASKING THAT COMMUNIST CHINA SHOULD BE INVITED TO ATTEND. MR. ACHESON IS IN THE CENTRE (REAR) IN THE PRESIDENT'S SEAT.



"WE WHO LIVE IN THE PACIFIC KNOW THE RECORD OF THE UNITED STATES AND IT DOES NOT AROUSE OUR APPREHENSION. IT IS OTHERS WHO AROUSE OUR APPREHENSION. . . ." SIR CARL BERENDSEN (NEW ZEALAND) MAKING A NOTABLE SPEECH.



## FROM MARSH AND MEADOW TO THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION.

"SURVEY OF LONDON. Vol. XXIII. SOUTH BANK and VAUXHALL. (Parish of St. Mary, Lambeth, Part I.)"

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

WE have here the twenty-third volume of the "Survey of London." Anyone interested in other such works, such as the publications of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, may pardonably

the modern mind, had not then been fully mastered. But as a collection of pictures, the "Survey" has little of the remoter past in it, and so far as the nearer past is concerned, is largely a record of destruction: the L.C.C. kindly erecting a monument to the buildings which it has obliterated.

One great relic there is in the area: Lambeth Palace, which, in spite of damage—now repaired—by German bombs, still remains much as it has been through the centuries and is still inhabited. There are interesting chapters about that great building and its gardens: and pictures, old and new, showing how great a part of it has remained unaltered for a very long time. Years before the last war I went over it, and had one outstanding memory: that of a picture of Sir Philip Sidney's red-headed "Stella," which was in the Library: I wondered how it had got there and why it wasn't more suitably housed at Penshurst than in an Archbishop's Palace. But the whole place was enchanting and evocative: the surroundings were not.

Naturally, in a place so huge as London there must be certain districts more architecturally and scenically interesting than others. The L.C.C.'s

earlier volumes have included some about Chelsea, Westminster and the City which have been packed with illustrations of old houses, fanlights, staircases, mantelpieces and panelling still extant. Lambeth, for long mainly a marsh and never fashionable, has no such wealth to show: the compilers of this volume, constrained to produce pictures of churches and streets, have no option but to give us pictures of dull nineteenth-century churches and dull nineteenth-century streets on the verge of slumdom, but in their uniformity and a few pathetic details still retaining slight traces of eighteenth-century charm and planning. What little character the eastern part of the South Bank possessed has been destroyed in our own time.

Part of the Shot Tower still remains: its top adorned, like the head of a drunken charwoman with her hat askew, with a wiry structure which has, I believe, something to do with radar—a footnote, perhaps to the Wellsian "Outline of Science" which is gaped at in the main buildings by tiring parents and their cornet-licking progeny. But the Lion Brewery, which was not beautiful but had a certain dignity, has been destroyed to make room for the Royal Festival Hall; of which

I can only say that the Thames frontage might be improved and a good deal of money saved if it were moved bodily to Coventry to give the Bishop the sort of Cathedral which he apparently wants. But the great thing which has irreplaceably gone is Rennie's Waterloo Bridge.

The present bridge is a fine piece of engineering, designed by engineers with an architect as consultant. The old bridge—which definitely could have been widened and preserved—was more than that. I remember that the late A. R. Powys (tremendous secretary of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings) said of it, when the war for its preservation was being waged against that great aesthete Mr. Herbert Morrison, that it was "one of the seven wonders of the modern world." In this very volume it is admitted that "the Italian sculptor, Canova, described it as 'the finest bridge in all Europe.'" It wasn't only that; and it wasn't only for that reason that it was painted by Turner, Constable, and many another: it was that it was part of the one great, harmonious panorama in London: Waterloo Bridge and, beyond it, Somerset House and St. Paul's. Meanwhile, Piccadilly Circus and Trafalgar Square, our central places, remain to be cleaned up and completed.

A good job, as usual, has been done with this book: the browsing antiquary, not really interested in the poor old Lambeth terraces which are recorded, or even in the York Hotel (which has to have a picture here, *faute de mieux*), will find plenty of things to engage his attention. He will learn that Archbishop Robert de Winchelsey, in the fourteenth century, kept prodigious hospitality in the Great Hall at Lambeth, feeding "no fewer than four Thousand men when corn was cheap and five Thousand when it was dear." He will reflect upon the fact that "it was



THE LION BREWERY, 1836. (FROM AN AQUATINT BY GEORGE HUNT AFTER F. C. TURNER IN THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL'S COLLECTION.)

Sir John Squire, in his review on this page, notes that "the Lion Brewery, which was not beautiful but had a certain dignity, has been destroyed to make room for the Royal Festival Hall. . . . Sometimes the Lion Brewery is erroneously described as the Red Lion Brewery but in fact the latter was by St. Catherine's Docks on the north side of the Thames; the Red Lion Brew House having been traced back to 1492 on this site or in the immediate neighbourhood. The Shot Tower, a well-known London landmark, still stands on the South Bank, although "its top is adorned, like the head of a drunken charwoman with her hat askew, with a wiry structure which has, I believe, something to do with radar."

feel a little jealous because the L.C.C. can produce (possibly with subsidies from unwilling or reluctant ratepayers) so sumptuous a series of books as this, at such low prices. But it is better that some records should be published, rather than none. And it is inevitable that a Juggernaut Survey like this should find in its progress some areas less beautiful and interesting than others.

The Clerk to the London County Council says in his Preface: "In this year of the Festival of Britain, the 'South Bank' has become the cynosure of all eyes. Accordingly this volume contains much that is of contemporaneous interest. Its value as a record of the topography and buildings of North Lambeth will, however, remain long after the South Bank Exhibition has become part of Lambeth history. At a cursory glance the area seems lacking in architectural and historical interest, but a detailed survey has proved richly rewarding."

The area, like any other inhabited area, has a long past which is "richly rewarding." The first reference to Lambeth that has been found is in the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," where, under date 1042, is the statement: "This year died King Hardacnut at Lambeth as he stood drinking; he fell suddenly to the earth with a tremendous struggle; but those who were nigh at hand took him up; and he spoke not a word afterwards, but expired on the sixth day before the ides of June"—visitors to the present South Bank Exhibition may pardonably conjecture that he was knocked over by the price of the drinks. The Black Prince sometimes lived in Kennington; so also Henry V. and Catherine of Aragon: there are no physical traces of them left. This survey, as a historical survey, contains a delightful mixture of facts. It reminds us, for example, of the old "gardens" (including "Cupid's Garden") in the district, and tells us: "The ground south of Fowler's lead works, which was also part of Float Mead, was that shown on Morden and Lea's map as in the occupation of Sir John Shorter. In 1718 this ground and a house on it called Belvidere (Plate 37a) were opened to the public by Charles Bascom, who advertised that he sold 'all sorts of wines of the prime growths, entirely neat; and accommodates his guests with eatables of every kind in season, after the best manner, especially with the choicest river fish, which they may have the diversion to see taken'"—including salmon, probably; but the Art of Pollution, like so many achievements of



"VIEW OF LONDON FROM A GENTLEMAN'S SEAT IN LAMBETH MARSH, 1804."

an inauspicious beginning that the same number of *The Illustrated London News* which recorded the opening of Hungerford Suspension Bridge reported the collapse of the suspension bridge at Great Yarmouth"; and he will be reminded that the chains and ironwork of Hungerford Bridge, in the '60's, were sold and used for the Clifton Bridge over the Avon at Bristol; a bridge which makes wayfarers as dizzy as Shakespeare's sapphire-gatherers. And he may be surprised, as I have been, at the coat-of-arms of Archbishop Juxon. I have come across some odd coats in my time, and the College goes on inventing them for the new Labour Peers. But Juxon's, illustrated here, was "Or, a cross gules between four blackamoors' heads and shoulders affronté in their proper colours with wreaths, or." It used to be said that Chinese warriors of old were wont to go into battle making horrible grimaces to frighten their enemies. Had they adopted Juxon's shield, with the grimmest of negroes on it, they would have been saved the trouble: they could have grimaced by proxy.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 422 of this issue.



KIP'S VIEW OF LAMBETH PALACE IN 1697, SHOWING THE HORSEFERRY. (FROM AN ENGRAVING BY J. KIP AFTER L. KNYFF IN THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL'S COLLECTION.)

Illustrations reproduced from the book "South Bank and Vauxhall," by courtesy of the Publishers, the London County Council.

\* "London County Council Survey of London." Issued by the Joint Publishing Committee representing the London County Council and the London Survey Committee. Under the General Editorship of Sir Howard Roberts and Walter H. Godfrey. Vol. XXIII. South Bank and Vauxhall. The Parish of St. Mary, Lambeth, Part I. Profusely Illustrated. (L.C.C.; 50s.)



# ACTION AND LANDSCAPE, AT THE 96TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE R.P.S.



"A VERY MERRY, DANCING, DRINKING, LAUGHING, QUAFFING AND UNTHINKING TIME." (DRYDEN, SECULAR MASQUE): "DANCE IN THE CLOUDS"; BY W. A. FRASER, OF NEW YORK.

THE two studies on this page are from the Pictorial Photography Section of the Royal Photographic Society's ninety-sixth Annual Exhibition, which Lord Brabazon of Tara had arranged to open on September 13 at the Society's House, 16, Prince's Gate, Kensington. This exhibition, which ranks as the world's premier photographic exhibition, will remain open to the public without charge until Saturday, October 13, from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. (Saturdays 10 to 5.30, Sundays 2.30 to 5.30). It will then move to Aberdeen for the period, Nov. 3—24. Out of over 5000 entries from all over the world, 908 have been accepted, and although the main interest lies in the pictorial photography section, there are also excellent and interesting examples of scientific, nature, stereoscopic and record photography, in monochrome and colour.



"HOUNDS AND GREYHOUNDS, MONGRELS, SPANIELS, CURS, SHOUGHS, WATER-RUGS AND DEMI-WOLVES . . ." (SHAKESPEARE, "MACBETH"): "ESCENA DE CAZA"; BY JOSE ORTIZ ECHAGUE, HON. F.R.P.S.



# AT THE R.P.S. SHOW: A SCIENTIFIC PHOTOGRAPH WITH A ROMANTIC INTEREST.



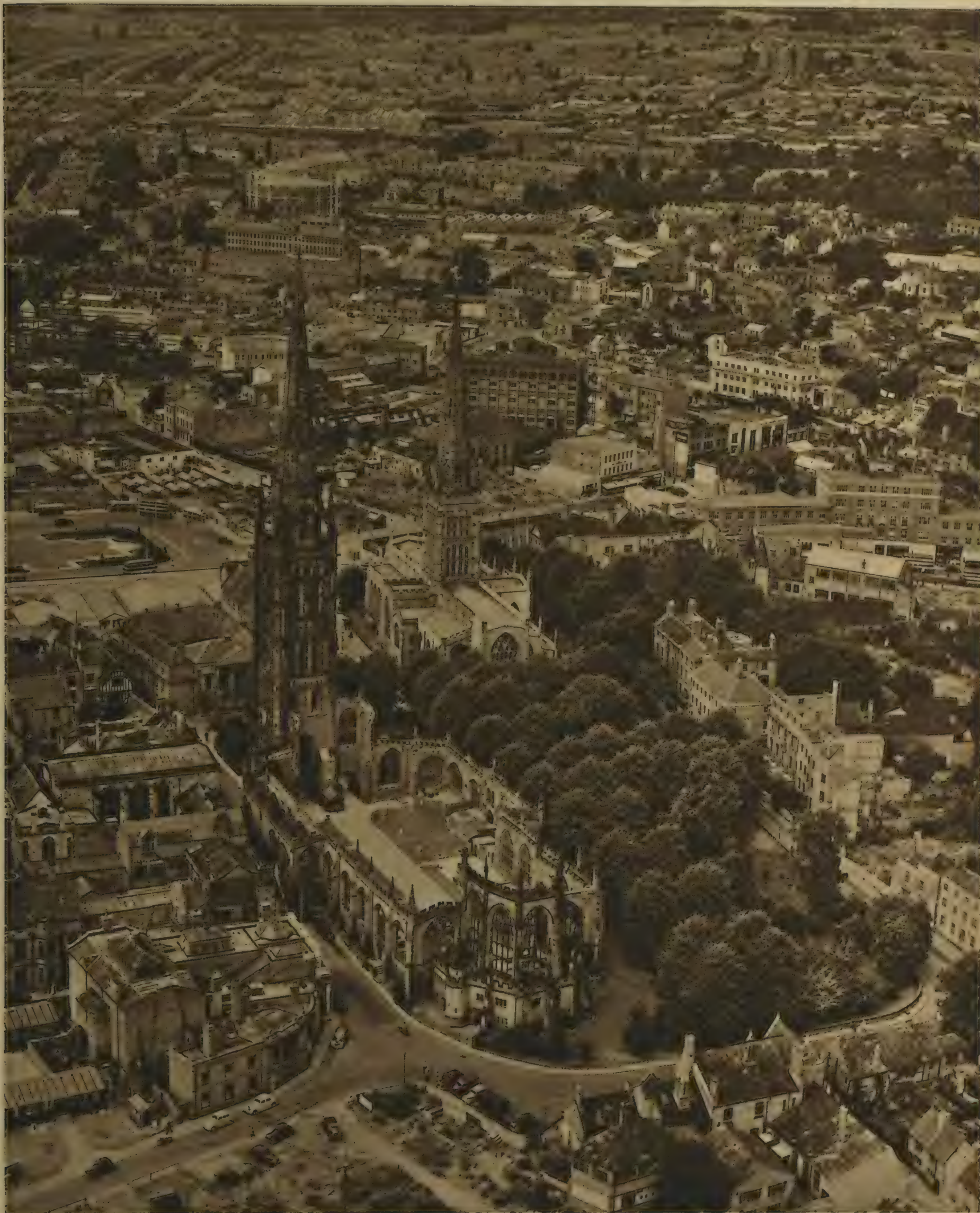
"A CASTLE, PRECIPICE-ENCURLED . . ." (BROWNING, DE GUSTIBUS): "LE KRAK DES CHEVALIERS," AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY AEROFILMS, LTD., OF THE GREAT CRUSADER CASTLE IN SYRIA.

This photograph, which is in the Scientific Photography (General) Section of the Royal Photographic Society's Ninety-sixth Annual Exhibition, now open at 16, Prince's Gate, Kensington, shows one of the most remarkable castles in the world—Le Krak des Chevaliers. This castle, which has been described as "the most representative monument of thirteenth-century French military architecture," lies in Syria, about 44 miles north-east of Tripoli, in Lebanon. It was built in the first place in the twelfth century and was entrusted by Raymond II., Count of Tripoli, to the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. The Knights Hospitallers made it impregnable and in 1187 it successfully resisted

Saladin. They partly rebuilt it in the following century and in 1271 lost it by treachery during a truce to Baibars, Sultan of Egypt. In 1934 it was ceded to the French authorities, who paid an indemnity to the native colony which was living within its walls, and took over its preservation and maintenance. Now that Syria has gained its independence, the great Crusader castle, which was familiar to Richard Cœur-de-Lion, is still preserved as a historical monument. The photograph shows the castle, a very epitome of mediæval might, from the north-west, with the barbican gate on the extreme left and the great towers of the keep rising in the right background.



# FROM THE R.P.S. EXHIBITION: COVENTRY'S OLD CATHEDRAL'S HOLLOW SHELL.



THE HOLLOW SHELL OF COVENTRY CATHEDRAL FROM THE AIR, SHOWING THE PROBLEM WHICH CONFRONTED THE ARCHITECTS COMPETING TO DESIGN THE NEW CATHEDRAL.

This magnificent aerial photograph (by Aerofilms, Ltd.) of the centre of Coventry and the roofless shell of the old Cathedral is one of the exhibits in the Record Section of the 96th Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, now open at 16, Prince's Gate, Kensington. The photograph shows also, just beyond the ruined Cathedral, and to its right, the Church of Holy Trinity, the only one of Coventry's three great central churches to escape destruction in the historic

blitz. In our issue of September 1 we gave an artist's drawing of the prize-winning design (of Mr. Basil Spence) for the new Cathedral. This new Cathedral, if executed, will lie at right-angles to the south side of the old Cathedral (St. Michael's) and parallel with the east window of Holy Trinity and slightly to the foreground of the Georgian houses which run parallel to the choir of Holy Trinity. The Chapel of Unity in the new design will rise in the thick belt of trees.



TURNING over the pages of some back numbers, I noticed the other day that I had written last autumn an article entitled "Germany and the Western Powers." My subject was the termination of the theoretical state of war with Germany and the announcement that the Allied Governments would henceforth consider the rôle of their forces stationed in that country to be, in addition to duties of occupation, "the defence and protection of the free world, including the German Federal Republic." I pointed out that, since the Federal Republic could not be defended on the Rhine, this must involve defence east of the river. I next spoke of the formation of mobile armed police forces in Western Germany. Then I went on to say that a broader proposal had been under discussion, that of the raising of German military forces. On that I wrote: "Here the views of the three great Powers may be defined as follows: America is in favour of it; Britain agrees, subject to assurance that Western Europe should first be rearmed; France, to the disappointment of Mr. Acheson, disagrees." I spoke also of the source of arms if agreement on rearmament were reached, mentioning that a reconstituted Ruhr would be "a golden prize to an invader from the East."

By October a year will have passed since this article appeared. It would be unfair to say that the intervening discussions had accomplished nothing, since at least the principle of Western German rearmament has been officially accepted. But principle does not make practice, and though some progress has been made in words it has not extended to deeds. A little ground has been cleared by brushing aside preposterous proposals that small German units, lightly armed, should be incorporated in the Allied forces of occupation. On the military side, the United States roundly condemned this half-baked project; on the political side the Germans themselves refused to have anything to do with it. The disappearance of the impracticable is always to be welcomed in the process of planning. The project of a "European Army" still holds the field. I have before now complained of the difficulty of finding out the ideas of the sponsors of this project, which have probably altered with the development of ideas on German rearmament. It now appears to be proposed that there should be formed, within the frame of the N.A.T.O. in Europe, a separate army in which French and German contingents and, presumably, also Belgian, Dutch and Danish, would be incorporated. The United Kingdom would not participate. I do not think that the view of the United States has been expressed.

There still remains to be considered the attitude of the Germans. The very conception of rearmament was strongly opposed in Germany a year ago, though it had also many supporters. It would seem that opposition has lessened, and, at all events, the Government of the Federal Republic is now wholeheartedly in favour of rearmament—but naturally only of a form of rearmament which it considers effective and consonant with national dignity. The military advisers of the Chancellor, Generals Speidel and Heusinger, apparently favour the creation not only of German divisions, including armoured divisions, but also that of German army corps, together with full representation on the headquarters of the European Army. All military opinion agrees that defence of the Federal Republic without the participation of its people is at present impossible. It is also unlikely to be possible in future, because the United States is now known to regard the land forces established or in course of establishment in Germany as a temporary aid to span the period of weakness of the Western European States and intends eventually to withdraw them. At first sight, this prospect makes German rearmament more necessary than ever, but it also brings into view a situation which the French have always feared and which has been at the root of their objections. The Americans, they say, desire to create a Germany once more in arms and then retire across the Atlantic, leaving them to make the best they can of it.

I have always been able to understand the view that German rearmament was in itself undesirable. This opinion is held by many intelligent and far-sighted people in all countries, including our own, and for that matter including Germany. If, however, the Western world stands in danger as great as its Governments profess to believe, if they are all agreed on the principle of rearmament, then I find it difficult to understand their hesitations, waste of time, and

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE PROBLEM OF GERMAN REARMAMENT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

preoccupation with relatively unimportant details. In this country, for example, Minister after Minister gives alarming details about the military strength and preparations of Soviet Russia—I call them alarming not merely because of the vast strength disclosed, but also because this represents an economic strain which no nation would be likely to bear unless it had a pretty firm expectation of being engaged in warfare in the near future. Surely, if the figures are correct, the only sensible reaction is to accept such secondary risks as stand in the path of a policy of defence.

My own views have never changed. In the broadest aspect, a nation cannot be free unless it possesses the right to defend itself. It may dispense with the means of defending itself because it does not intend to do so in any event, but it is unfree if any

as could be expected; demands have been met with fairly good grace—and some of the last demolition demands were pretty stiff—the country has been orderly and hard-working. Relations were greatly improved by the Berlin blockade, the skilled and resolute counter-measures of the British and Americans evoking a somewhat surprised admiration. The Chancellor has shown patience and good

temper, even when all three occupying countries have been simultaneously giving him different advice.

If danger exists in German rearmament, it is one which it should be possible to control. Lack of nerve and lack of unity after the rise to power of Hitler, together with the warm co-operation he received from Soviet Russia, allowed him to get out of control, but in justice to the statesmen of those days it should be noted that they were facing the problem for the first time. Their successors would have that experience at their disposal, and no such excuse could be made for them if they were to fail. In these circumstances it appears wrong not to associate Western Germany in the defence of the free world. It will not do to invite her in on terms which she cannot reasonably be expected to accept, and those who do so and then

plead that the aid for which they asked was refused will brand themselves as untrustworthy. Anyhow, supposing that there is a danger, the other danger is immensely greater as well as being closer. In the times in which we live it is nearly always a matter of balancing risks in international affairs. Here, I submit, there can be no doubt about the correct choice. If further delay occurs, it will be due, not to doubt about the right course but to paralysis of the will, a feverish desire to keep talk going, in the belief that while it continues action cannot be called for. This is the refuge of the weak.

I should therefore favour the creation, within a European Army, if that seemed good to Western Germany and to France, of a German Army consisting initially of ten divisions, from four to six of them armoured, preferably in four or five army corps, with the necessary corps troops. I should suggest a basis of conscription, but also provision for voluntary enlistment, and terms such as would be likely to attract volunteers with experience of active service, particularly under-officers and specialists. I should attach to this force, in the first instance, an air force capable of providing reconnaissance and tactical support; it would be time enough to think about its ideal constitution when this necessary basis had been attained. I should argue, as I have already in these pages, that it would be playing with words to say that there must be "no general staff," and that one might as well argue in favour of newspapers being produced without editors or of all future German babies being born without heads. I should therefore authorise the establishment of such staff branches, and these of such strength as would be required by the force I have adumbrated and for its links with the European Army. At the same time, I should do everything possible to obtain the co-operation of the Government of the Federal Republic in insuring that an Army General Staff on the imperial or Hitlerian pattern were not set up, and that that which was created were subject to civil control. There would be no difficulty in this so far as the present Government

at Bonn was concerned.

The above is brief, but it covers all except technicalities, and they would require a stout volume rather than an article. I have not hedged or taken refuge in vagueness. Once a decision is taken, all its consequences must be accepted also. I should regard the suggested structure purely as a makeshift. It might have to be altered. It might be necessary to increase its strength if the international aspect became still more threatening than it now is, or possible to cut it down if Russia diminished the strength of her forces under arms and the future began to look brighter. I have not touched the problem of finance, undoubtedly a formidable one, since the Germans are already looking hungrily towards Washington, and Congress is in the mood for cutting existing expenditure rather than for undertaking new forms—but it is not over finance that the nations have been arguing and pottering. Nor have I dealt with the source of the arms and equipment required, though it may be worth while to note that in the immediate future Western Germany is capable of producing very little. I have no reproaches for those who disagree with my thesis; I have the strongest reproaches for those who agree with it, who have the power to act in accordance with its recommendations, and who do nothing.



THE TOLL IMPOSED ON ALL WEST GERMAN ROAD TRAFFIC TO AND FROM BERLIN: LORRIES AND CARS WAITING TO PASS INTO THE RUSSIAN ZONE AT HELMSTEDT, WHERE THE NEW TAXES WERE COLLECTED.

At midnight on August 31 the Russian Zone authorities imposed a heavy toll on all West German road traffic proceeding to and from Berlin, which was estimated to add an extra annual burden of £1,500,000 on West Berlin's economy. The toll is 13s. 4d. for a motor-cycle, 16s. 8d. for a private car, 16s. 8d. plus 1s. 8d. per passenger for buses, and £4 3s. 4d. for lorries over 9 tons and trailers over 5 tons. There was a joint meeting of the Western and German authorities on September 6 to consider counter-measures to the toll, which an official statement describes as "discriminating, exorbitant, and an infringement on the rights, guaranteed by international agreement, of free access to Berlin." There have also been reports of East German interference with railway traffic and the parcel post.

outside Power prevents it. Western Germany must at present be regarded as a nation, though most Germans hope that the division will be only temporary and that it will again become part of a united Germany. This nation has been set on the path to freedom by the Western Powers. It has already advanced a long way on that path, and one cannot doubt that it will shortly move farther. In the matter of control of foreign policy, for example, its autonomous power will expand. The right to self-defence is at least as important. This, however, is only a generality. The particular case of Western Germany as she stands at present has next to be considered.

Assuredly nothing in the conduct of the people, or of the Government since it has been formed, can be taken as evidence that they are unworthy of the rights which go with nationality. The Nazi party has, indeed, shown that it is not dead, and it is possible that for every old member of it who has become vocal, many more are merely keeping their mouths shut because they hope to make themselves heard in more favourable circumstances. Yet anyone who expected that it would be completely eradicated was absurdly sanguine, and it cannot be said that its reception by the people in general has been encouraging. For the rest, co-operation has as a rule been as good



# AT THE 83RD TRADES UNION CONGRESS: SCENES AT BLACKPOOL.



PLEADING WITH THE T.U.C. DELEGATES NOT TO CUT LOOSE FROM THE POLICY OF WAGE RESTRAINT: MR. GAITSKELL, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WHO GAVE A FORTY-FIVE-MINUTE REVIEW OF BRITAIN'S FINANCIAL AND ECONOMIC PROBLEMS.



MAKING A FORTHRIGHT ATTACK ON THE "ONE WAY ONLY" POLICY OF MR. BEVAN, FORMER MINISTER OF LABOUR, AND THE GROUP OF SOCIALISTS WHO SUPPORT HIM: MR. ALFRED ROBERTS DELIVERING HIS PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS.

THE 83rd Trades Union Congress opened at Blackpool on September 3 and ended on September 7. It was attended by more than 900 delegates representing 180 unions. Mr. Alfred Roberts, chairman of the T.U.C. General Council, chose the responsibilities of the Labour movement in the defence programme as the theme for his presidential address. He attacked sharply the attitude of Mr. Bevan and his followers on rearmament. Mr. Gaitskell, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, made an important and outspoken speech on September 4 in which he invited the Trades Union Congress General Council to reopen talks with the Government on the moderation of wage claims. He warned the delegates that solution of the problem was essential if they were to have full employment without inflation. The speech was warmly applauded, more apparently for its courage and construction than for its content. On September 5 Communists, Left-Wingers and other elements who, in varying degrees, oppose Britain's rearmament programme and foreign policy, received a severe defeat. The three principal resolutions of the session, each of them opposed to Government policy, were rejected overwhelmingly. The major proposal, that the British Government should frame a policy for ending the cold war and start disarmament, was heavily defeated on a show of hands. A resolution calling for an end to "American interference" with Britain's trading policy and more East-West trade without political discrimination, was defeated on a card vote by a majority of 3,418,000. A majority of 1,784,000 rejected another resolution, which urged the Government to abandon its policy of supporting the rearmament of Germany and Japan. On September 6 there were vigorous debates on a motion to abolish charges in the National Health Service, on which delegates were almost equally divided, and on wages, prices and profits.



AT THE 83RD TRADES UNION CONGRESS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE IN THE WINTER GARDEN OPERA HOUSE AT BLACKPOOL AS SIR VINCENT TEWSON, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE T.U.C., INTRODUCED THE DEBATE ON REARMAMENT.



# NAVAL OCCASIONS OFF ABADAN: A MIDSHIPMAN'S DRAWINGS IN "EURYALUS."



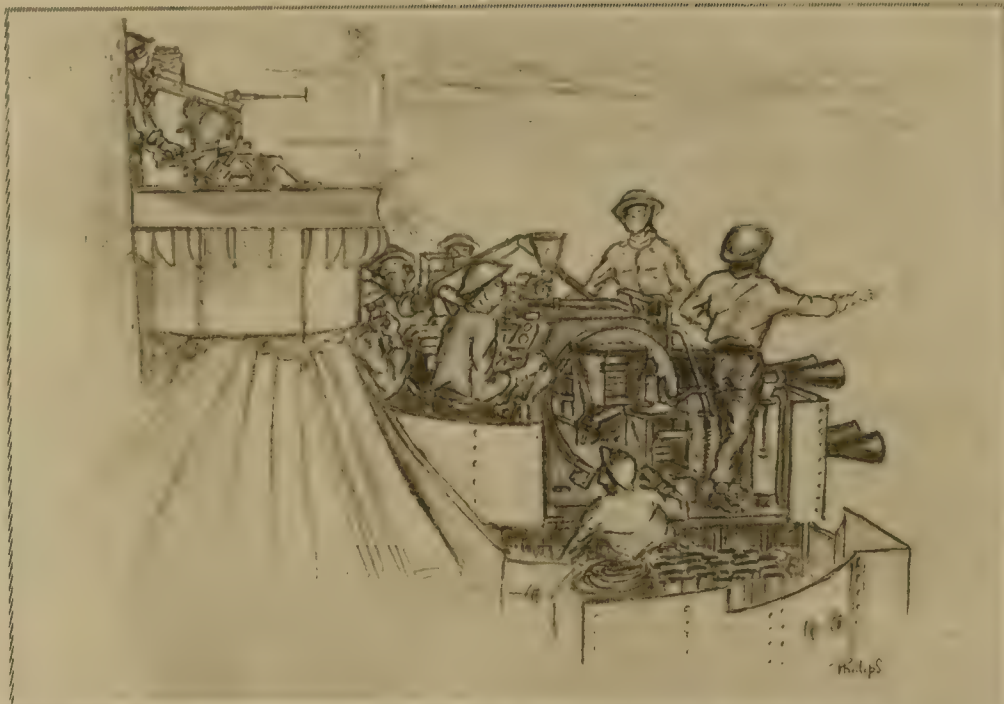
GUN-DRILL OFF ABADAN: A SKETCH OF H.M.S. *EURYALUS*' STARBOARD BOFORS, WITH ITS CREW OF THREE, BY A MIDSHIPMAN SERVING IN THE CRUISER.



INSIDE B-TURRET IN THE CRUISER *EURYALUS*: ACTION STATIONS DURING A GUN-DRILL WHILE THE CRUISER WAS STATIONED IN THE SHATT EL-ARAB.

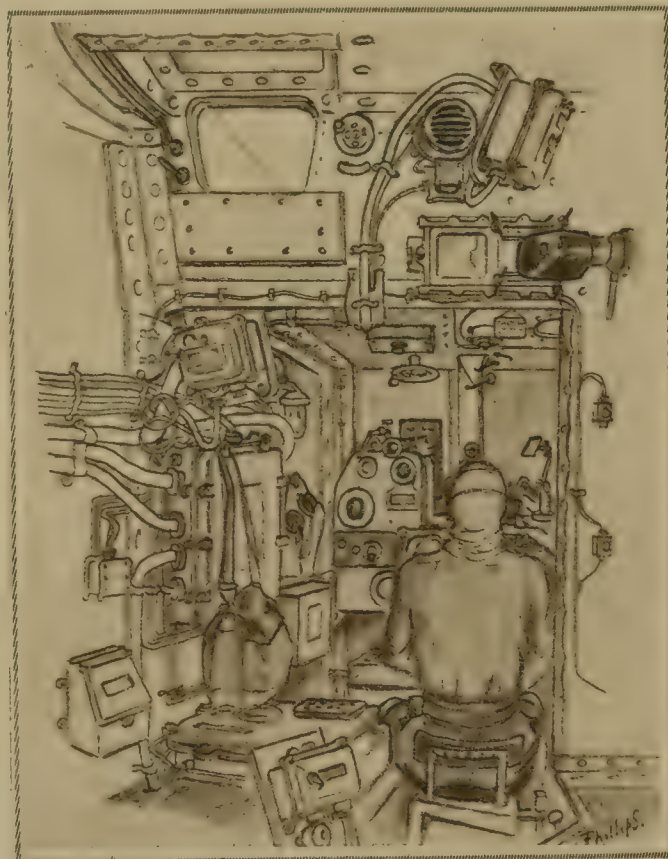


STARBOARD TWIN OERLIKONS, WITH THE CREW OF TWO WEARING ANTI-FLASH GEAR, AS ARE ALL THE OFFICERS AND RATINGS SHOWN IN THE DRAWINGS ABOVE.

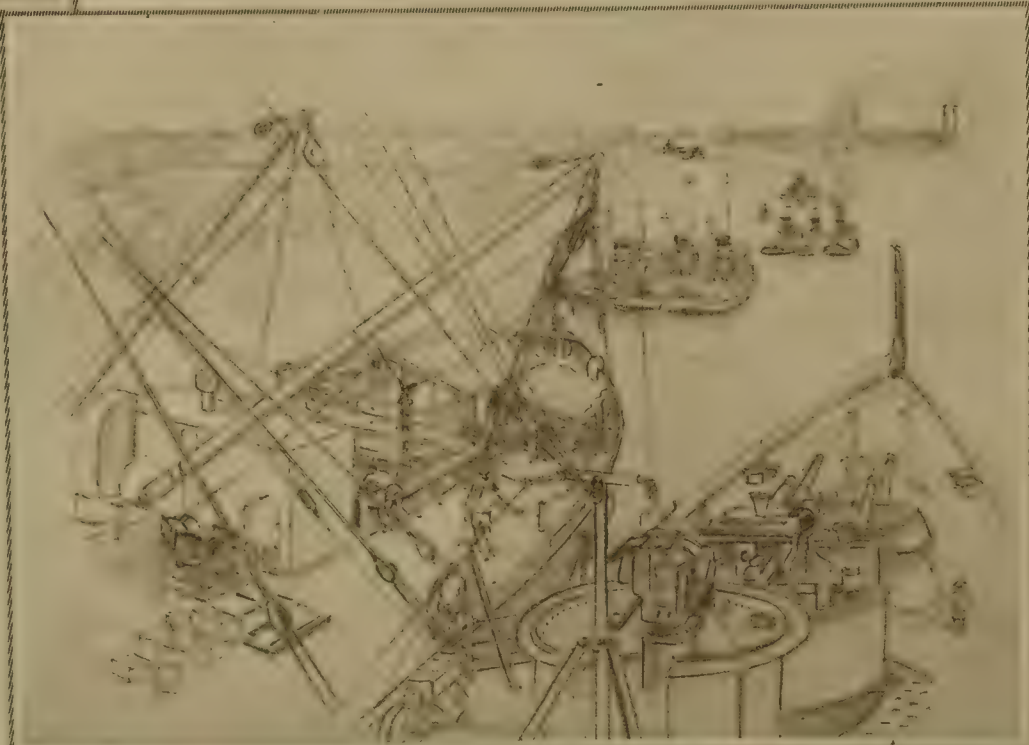


*EURYALUS*' STARBOARD POM-POM, WITH ITS CREW AND DIRECTOR (LEFT): WITH, IN THE BACKGROUND, THE TOWERS AND CHIMNEYS OF THE GREAT ABADAN OIL REFINERY.

THESE interesting pencil drawings were made by Midshipman F. E. R. Phillips, who is serving in the 5770-ton cruiser *Euryalus*, during the time that that ship has been stationed off Abadan. Although the cruiser has been in this station during the Anglo-Persian oil dispute in case of any grave emergency threatening the British staff still in the great refinery port, it should be emphasised that the drawings were made during the ordinary daily routine gun-drills and training. The cruiser was due to leave Abadan to-day (September 15), and to proceed *via* Aden to the Mediterranean. On September 4, a court-martial was held in *Euryalus* which made naval history, inasmuch as canvas screens were erected against inquisitive eyes in the near-by Persian naval vessels, and the single gun, which normally opens naval courts-martial, was not fired, to prevent misunderstanding in the current tense situation.



THE INTERIOR OF THE 5.25-IN. GUN CONTROL TOWER OF *EURYALUS*, WITH THE DIRECTOR LAYER AT HIS ACTION STATION.



*EURYALUS* (RIGHT) BEING RE-STORED FROM THE FLEET SUPPLY SHIP *FORT DUQUESNE*, IN THE SHATT EL-ARAB, OFF THE PERSIAN REFINERY PORT OF ABADAN.





CLAIMED AS THE WORLD'S FASTEST AND FINEST JET FIGHTER: THE HAWKER P.1067. IT IS BEING SHOWN PUBLICLY FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE FARNBOROUGH S.B.A.C. EXHIBITION. DESIGNED BY THE DESIGNER OF THE HURRICANE.

## REGAINING BRITAIN'S LEAD IN THE AIR: NEW JET FIGHTERS AND A ROCKET MOTOR.



THE ARM OF THE FIRST OPERATIONAL SQUADRON OF NAVAL JET AIRCRAFT TO BE FORMED: A SUPERMARINE ATTACKER FIGHTER (WITH ROLLS-ROYCE NENE JET), ABOUT TO LAND, WITH ARRESTER HOOK DOWN.



BEGINNING THE CLIMB IN WHICH IT BROKE FOUR WORLD RECORDS FOR SPEED OF CLIMB: A METEOR AIRCRAFT, WITH TWO ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY SAPPHIRE JET ENGINES, AFTER TAKING OFF AT MORETON VALENCE AIRFIELD.



FITTED WITH THE NEW SNARLER ROCKET MOTOR (IN TAIL), WHICH DOUBLES THE POWER OF A JET FIGHTER FOR SHORT PERIODS AT HIGH ALTITUDES OR IN TAKE-OFF AND CLIMB: THE HAWKER EXPERIMENTAL P.1072.

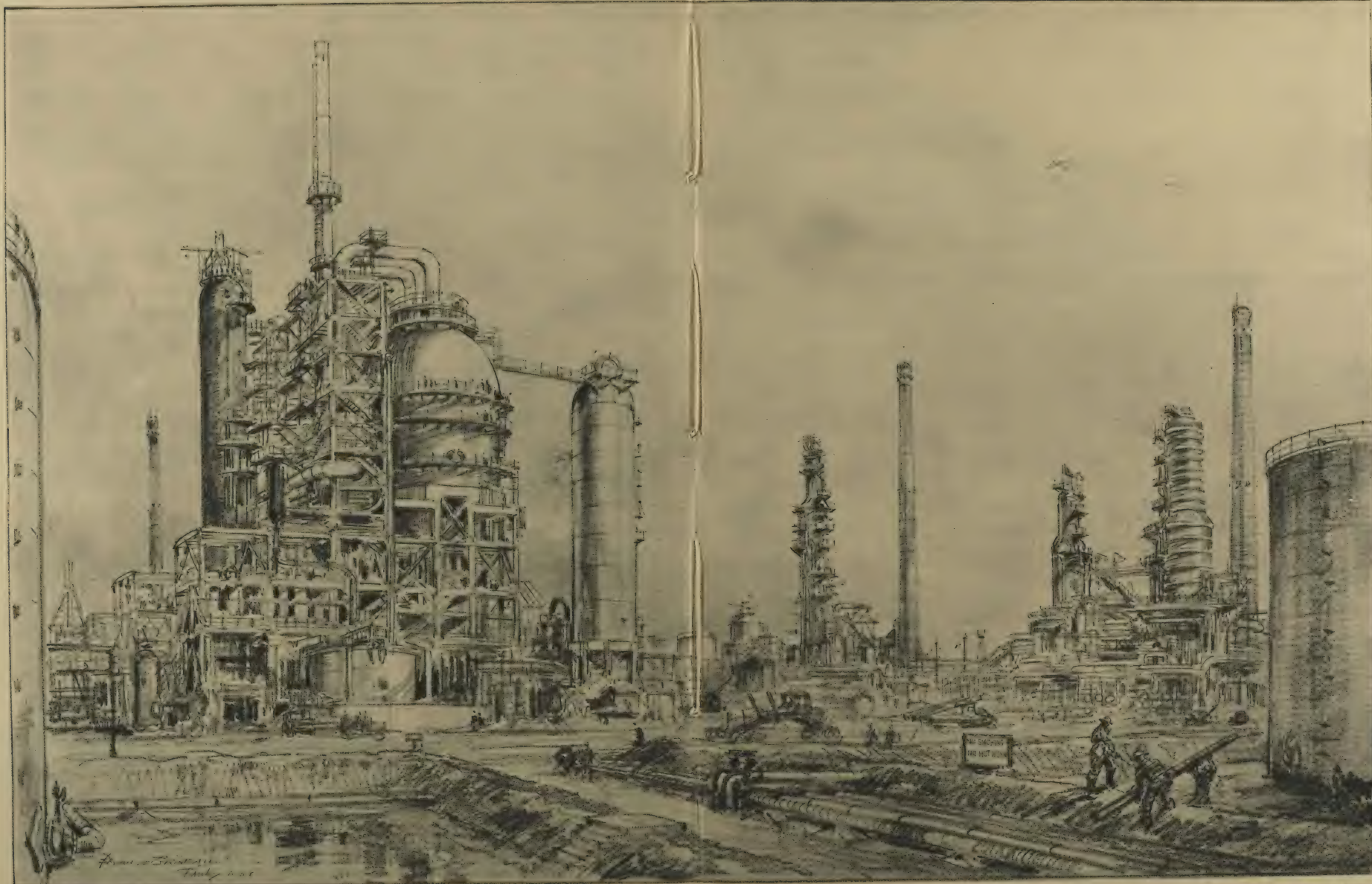


THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF A NEW NAVAL TWIN-JET FIGHTER: THE SUPERMARINE 508, WHICH HAS TWO ROLLS-ROYCE AVON ENGINES AND IS CONSIDERED THE MOST POWERFUL NAVAL FIGHTER IN THE WORLD.

Since this last week has been not only "Battle of Britain Week," but also the week of aviation's greatest show, the Society of British Aircraft Constructors exhibition at Farnborough (September 11-16), these photographs of the latest types of British jet fighters are of special interest. One of these is already in operation—the Supermarine Attacker, with which the first R.N. jet-fighter squadron (No. 800) is equipped; some are already in production; and we show also two special developments of the first interest. The *Sapphire Meteor*, flown

by Flight Lieutenant R. B. Prickett from a standing start at Moreton Valence, established in a single climb the world's records for speed of climb to 3000 metres (1 min. 16 secs.), 6000 metres (1 min. 50 secs.), 9000 metres (2 mins. 25 secs.) and 12,000 metres (3 mins. 7 secs.), subject to official confirmation. The Armstrong Siddeley *Snarler* is Britain's first aircraft rocket motor and, it is claimed, can double the power of a jet fighter for short periods at very high altitudes. It uses for fuel liquid oxygen and a water-methanol mixture.





ONE OF BRITAIN'S CHIEF ANSWERS TO THE THREAT TO THE MIDDLE EAST OIL REFINERIES: FAWLEY, EUROPE'S LARGEST AND ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST OIL REFINERIES, NOW IN OPERATION.

Yesterday (September 14) the Prime Minister arranged formally to open the new great oil-refining plant which the Esso Petroleum Company, Ltd., have built at Fawley, near Southampton. This plant is already in operation, and when absolutely completed (in 1953) will be easily the largest in Europe and nearly as large as Abadan and Aruba (the world's two largest refineries). It will also be the major refinery

in the oil industry's post-war development in this country. Previously the general policy was to refine oil at or near the oil-field. Since the war, various considerations of security, politics, industry and economics have made it desirable to site the plant necessary to refine the oil products used by this country within this country; and as a result a great number of oil refineries are in construction around Great Britain's

coast. The chief of these are Grangemouth, on the Forth; Shellhaven and Isle of Grain, in the Thames Estuary; Heysham, in North Lancashire; Stanlow, in the Mersey Estuary; Llandarcy, in South Wales; and Fawley, near Southampton. The last-named, Fawley, is the largest, and it alone, when completed, will supply rather more than a quarter of the U.K. demand. In 1948 this country's total refined

petroleum production was 3,500,000 tons; in 1953 it will be about 20,000,000 tons a year, and of that figure Fawley will be producing 6,500,000 tons. Even as it is, Fawley will have produced 2,000,000 tons by the end of this year; by the end of 1952 the figure will have risen to 5,500,000 tons; and the additional million will be added when the new tractor fuel plant comes into full operation.

DRAWN BY GUY SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRANGE.





STORING ONE OF THE MOST VALUABLE SIDE-PRODUCTS OF OIL-REFINING : THE GREAT SPHERICAL BUTANE TOWERS AT FAWLEY, WHERE EUROPE'S GREATEST REFINERY NEARS COMPLETION.

In the present immense expansion of the oil refinery industry in this country, the largest of the great plants now rising and beginning to come into operation is the Esso plant at Fawley, near Southampton. Its main products (when in full production) will include motor spirit, solvent naphtha, white spirit ("turps substitute"), tractor fuel, turbo fuel (for jet aircraft), kerosene, high-speed and light industrial Diesel oils, gasworks gas oil, marine Diesel oil, lubricating oils, light fuel blending stock, bunker fuel oil, asphalt and liquid petroleum gases.

The last-named, so familiar and so invaluable to an increasing number of country dwellers under the name of "Calor" gas, is mainly composed of butane, one of the hydrocarbons found in crude oil and one of the most used sources of synthetic rubber. It is indeed conceivable that the growing production of butane, a natural development of the immense expansion of the refinery industry in this country, may prove a valuable and, as it were, accidental ally in fighting what is now accepted as an inevitably recurring annual fuel crisis.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.





**"SNAKES AND LADDERS" AT THE NEW FAWLEY OIL PIER: CRUDE OIL BEING DISCHARGED FROM A TANKER INTO PIPE-LINES LEADING TO THE HUGE NEW REFINERY.**

All the new oil refinery projects in this country (discussed on pages 408-409) lie on or near the coast, and the great Esso plant at Fawley is especially fortunate in having berthing facilities in Southampton Water. Here the unique double tide and the slow-moving current enable fully-laden ocean tankers to swing, berth and unberth at any time of the day or night. The berthing site is fronted by about

2500 ft. of open navigable water, and it is isolated from all other shipping activities. An ocean tanker jetty already exists and ample foreshore space is available for erecting four more similar berths, as well as accommodation for coasters, bunkering vessels and barges. At least one large ocean tanker will discharge crude oil every day, and others will be constantly leaving with finished products.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### THE RED KITE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE history of the kite (*Milvus milvus*) in Great Britain was described by T. A. Coward as: "Lamentable [but] a triumph for the present generation of ornithologists—or for a few of them." He was writing in 1920, and it seems certain that, save for the enthusiastic devotion of the few, the bird would have been extinct as a resident in these islands by then. To-day, thirty years later, as a resident species, it still maintains a precarious existence, slightly on the increase, perhaps, but protected and maintained only by the efforts of a few ornithologists. Their enthusiasm and devotion, it is true, have succeeded in winning more support, and there is now a wider sympathy for and interest in the work. One might say, perhaps, that kite protection is not only a symbol but a pattern for protection work generally.

The kite was formerly a very common bird in all parts of the country, where it performed the function of a scavenger. Even in the eighteenth century it was still common, nesting in the woodlands and constantly visiting the towns and villages. In the nineteenth century, farmers and game-preservers waged relentless war on it. A contributory factor in the destruction of the birds was the fashion among country gentlemen and county town hotel-keepers of having stuffed birds in glass cases, the kite being a showy and handsome bird. So, by the 1870's it was gone, except for a few pairs in England and Scotland, and others in Central Wales. Just before the close of the century the sole survivors were some twenty pairs in Wales. Then came the egg-collectors! In 1903, a few ornithologists set about saving the remnant. In 1905, there were believed to be three pairs in Wales, with possibly occasional odd birds in other parts of the country. There is reason to believe, for example, that in 1913 a pair nested in Devonshire—but the eggs were taken. The stronghold in Central Wales still held out, and, largely due to special protective measures imposed, its population began to increase. Such records as were kept were, however, incomplete and sporadic. According to the late Dr. J. H. Salter, then of University College, Aberystwyth, to whose initiative the early protective measures were due, there were thirteen nests in 1920.

In the following year there were three. This calamitous reduction was due in part to destruction of the birds by shooting, in part to disturbance caused by the felling of timber during the nesting season. From 1922 onwards, the records are again so incomplete as to be useless and during this period the work of the few enthusiasts was largely vitiated by disagreements on the measures to be adopted for saving the remnants, but the work went on. In 1949, through the good offices of Captain (S) H. R. H. Vaughan, O.B.E., R.N., the West Wales Field Society intervened. A field committee was formed, with Captain Vaughan as the honorary warden, whose function it is to see to the protection of the kite and to make use of any opportunities for observation. This committee renders an annual report to a superior body consisting of representatives of the West Wales Field Society, the Cardiff Naturalists, the Montgomeryshire Field Society, the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, the Society for the Preservation of Nature Reserves and the Council for the Preservation of Rural Wales.

This account is based upon notes kindly supplied me by Captain Vaughan, who thinks it fairly certain that there has not been a year since 1905 in which one or two young were not brought to the flying stage. In quite a number of years there have been four or more. Yet in spite of this, the Central Wales kite community consists of no more than a dozen pairs whose whereabouts are known for certain. The explanation seems to lie in this: that the young stay more or less closely to the parents or in the vicinity of the nesting wood, until shortly after mid-winter, after which they are seen no more. The suggestion is made that they are partial migrants, that the young birds may have migrated to England—or elsewhere. Nobody knows for certain.

My own experience of the kite is strictly limited. Several years ago, when in Pembrokeshire, my daughter

drew my attention to a hawk perched on a high hedge, which appeared to have a reddish plumage and a forked tail. We were not well placed for accurate observation, and while we were trying to get into a better position to view it, the bird took wing, dropped over



SAVED FROM EXTINCTION BY TIMELY EFFORTS MADE FOR ITS PROTECTION: A KITE ON ITS NEST IN WALES—A RARE PHOTOGRAPH.

The Red Kite, formerly so plentiful in Britain, would probably have become extinct here by the end of the nineteenth century but for the timely efforts made for its protection. Photographs of the bird are virtually unobtainable, and although pictorial records are desirable, those responsible for the protection of the bird are anxious to avoid prejudicing its chances of recovery by the disturbance likely to result from efforts being made to photograph it during the nesting season, the time when photography is most likely to yield successful results. This photograph therefore has more than usual interest and rarity.

Photograph by Arthur Brook (Polar Photos.).



A LARGER BIRD THAN THE BUZZARD THOUGH MORE MAGNIFICENT IN ACTION AS IT FLIES WITH EASY GLIDES AND DELIBERATE WING-BEATS OR SOARS INTO THE WIND: THE KITE, WHOSE ALTERNATIVE NAME, GLEAD OR GLED, DERIVES FROM ITS GLIDING FLIGHT.

The upper parts of the kite are reddish brown, the underparts red with dark streaks. The head is white, streaked with black. The bill is bluish; the legs yellow.

Reproduced from T. A. Coward's "The Birds of the British Isles and their Eggs," Series I., by courtesy of the Publishers, Frederick Warne and Co., Ltd.

the hedge, and that was the last we saw of it. Whether it was, in fact, a kite will always remain uncertain, but merely that it might have been one gave us both a thrill. It is, justifiable to ask whether, merely because a bird is rare, such efforts should be made to preserve these survivors. The ornithologist will readily answer in the affirmative. If further argument is needed, it is surely found in this: that if large numbers of people will travel miles to see a rare animal captive in a zoo, there is every reason for preserving a rare species in its native haunts. This is, however, more a negative argument. There are others of a more positive nature. Should the work of the Kite Field Committee succeed beyond present expectation, our countryside would be the richer for having this handsome bird gliding overhead. Moreover, nobody would be much the poorer. The kite feeds mainly on carrion and offal, to which is added small mammals, birds, reptiles and amphibians, with occasionally a young chick or duckling, grouse or pheasant. It is therefore mainly beneficial, even though it conflicts occasionally with human interests. If, however, we are to rid ourselves of everything that at some time or other conflicts with our interests, then we must look forward to a very bare and uninteresting countryside.

From the strictly biological point of view, the observations made by the Kite Field Committee are of very great interest. With so few individuals in the surviving community, the study of the kite approaches almost laboratory conditions. Probably the most interesting data are those relating to the slowness of recovery, even under conditions of protection. Apart from wilful shooting, of which at least one instance is known beyond doubt, there are other factors in human behaviour working to the detriment of the kite. The egg-collector is an ever-present menace, and even well-intentioned photographers and ornithologists must be kept at bay, especially in the nesting season, when disturbances produce their maximum effect. It was found, for example, that on one occasion timber-felling in the neighbourhood of a nest caused it to be abandoned.

Other factors known to be detrimental are the noise of tractors, development of building sites and changes in forestry. There is also evidence from other quarters that even where a species has been numerous in a given locality, disturbances due to ordinary human activity have perceptibly reduced the population. The effect is even more marked where the numbers are dangerously low.

There are, in addition, what may be called the natural attrition: competition between kites and other birds for nesting-sites, combats between kite and kite, pillaging of eggs by crows, and so on. When all these are taken into consideration, there still remain several more potent but less obvious dangers. It has been noticed that young birds, successfully reared, leave the neighbourhood. This may be a natural impulse, common to all species, advantageous in giving the maximum selection for successful mating, when numbers are high and the species widespread, but a severe drawback where numbers are limited. Then, the very low density of the population itself may inhibit successful mating. There is evidence that the higher animals have definite preferences in the matter of choosing a mate: that it is not sufficient merely for any male and any female to be present in a locality for mating to occur. Finally, it may happen in a certain season that there is a preponderance of either males or females among the nestlings. Discrepancies in the sex-ratio may not affect a widespread community, but they could be a great drawback in a sparse population.

When the numbers of a species have reached a dangerously low level, the obstacles to its recovery from natural attrition alone are formidable. Legitimate, if sometimes avoidable, human activity can make matters worse, and unwarranted interference, such as egg-collecting and wilful shooting, becomes indefensible on any ground.





FORMING PART OF THE NORFOLK NATURALISTS TRUST RESERVE AT WRETHAM: A VIEW OF LANGMERE—A STRETCH OF WATER WHICH ATTRACTS NOT ONLY BREEDING SPECIES BUT ALSO PASSING MIGRANTS.



A SUMMER VISITOR WHICH NESTS AT WRETHAM: A STONE CURLEW; ALSO KNOWN LOCALLY AS THE NORFOLK PLOVER.



A RESIDENT BREEDING IN MANY PLACES ON THE COAST AND ALSO IN THE WRETHAM RESERVE: THE RINGED PLOVER ON ITS NEST.



A RESIDENT ATTRACTED TO THE WRETHAM RESERVE BY THE WOODLAND SHELTERING THE MERES AND BRECK: THE WOODLARK—A GROUND-NESTING SPECIES.

A LETTER published in *The Times* of August 8, over the signatures of the chairman, treasurer and secretary of the Norfolk Naturalists Trust, has drawn public attention to a War Office proposal to acquire by means of a lease of twenty-one years, "rights for general training and manoeuvre for the deployment of troops and vehicles" in the Wretham reserve area. The War Office is holding discussions with the Trust to see if the area can be used as an assembly centre without destroying the nature reserves. The Wretham reserve was acquired partly as a bequest under the will of the late owner and partly by public subscription. Langmere and Ringmere are attractive to bird life—not only to breeding species, but to many passing migrants, including black terns and such rarities as the gull-billed tern. On this page we show some of the breeding birds of the area, many of which are ground-nesting species likely to be disturbed by the passage of troops. However, as the nature reserves occupy only 360 acres of the total area required for assembly regions, it should be possible for the public's interests in the area to be safeguarded.



(RIGHT.) SITUATED IN "ONE OF THE NATURAL HERITAGES OF THE COUNTRY": A VIEW OF RINGMERE, IN THE BRECKLAND

REQUIRED BY THE WAR OFFICE AS AN ASSEMBLY AREA: THE WRETHAM RESERVE; AND ITS BIRD-LIFE.



# "THE LADY WITH A LAMP" FILM— FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AND HER



ENLISTING HER NURSES FOR THE CRIMEA FOR WHICH SHE SET OUT IN OCTOBER, 1854: ANNA NEAGLE AS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, IN "THE LADY WITH A LAMP" FILM.



AN AWKWARD ENCOUNTER WHICH FAILED TO DISCOURAGE HER: FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (ANNA NEAGLE) MEETS THE INEFFICIENT ARMY DOCTORS AT SCUTARI.



THE REAL FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE DOING HER ROUNDS AT NIGHT: A CONTEMPORARY DRAWING REPRESENTING HER, PUBLISHED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF FEBRUARY 24, 1855.



THE SCREEN FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE DOING HER ROUNDS AT NIGHT: ANNA NEAGLE IN "THE LADY WITH A LAMP" CARRYING A COPY OF MISS NIGHTINGALE'S OWN LAMP.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE FEELS PAINT WHEN INSPECTING THE CAMP ON CATSKAR HEIGHTS: ANNA NEAGLE WITH GLADYS YOUNG, AS MRS. BRACEBRIDGE.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (ANNA NEAGLE) ATTACKED BY CRIMEAN FEVER, BUT REFUSING TO RETURN HOME. SHE LAY DANGEROUSLY ILL FOR TWELVE DAYS.

# AND A CONTEMPORARY DRAWING: WORK FEATURED ON THE SCREEN.



TRYING TO CONVINCE HER SISTER PARTHENOPE (HELEN SHINGLER) THAT HER VOCATION CALLS HER TO THE CRIMEA: ANNA NEAGLE AS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.



DISCUSSING THE DISASTERS AND REVERSES OF THE CRIMEAN WAR: SIDNEY HERBERT (MICHAEL WILDING) AND LORD PALMERSTON (PELIK AYLMER) IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



SIDNEY HERBERT (MICHAEL WILDING) ON HIS DEATH-BED WITH HIS WIFE (ROSALIE CRITCHLEY) BESIDE HIM. HE WAS THE UNFAILING HELPER OF FLORENCE.



ROYAL INTEREST IN REFORM OF ARMY NURSING: QUEEN VICTORIA (HELENA PICKARD) AND THE PRINCE CONSORT (PETER GRAVES) WITH FLORENCE (ANNA NEAGLE).



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AND HER SUPPORTER AND FRIEND, SIDNEY HERBERT (SECRETARY OF WAR 1852-55 AND 1859), WHO DIED IN 1861—OF OVERWORK: ANNA NEAGLE AND MICHAEL WILDING.



FLORENCE (ANNA NEAGLE) LEARNS OF SIDNEY HERBERT'S DEATH. MRS. BRACEBRIDGE (GLADYS YOUNG) AND DR. SUTHERLAND (ANDREW OSBORNE) ARE WITH HER.

"The Lady With a Lamp" (Florence Nightingale), a Wilcox-Neagle production distributed by British Lion, is to have a notable premiere at the Warner Theatre on September 22. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh have promised to attend, this being the first film premiere so honoured. Simultaneous first performances will be held all over the Commonwealth of Nations, and all

proceeds from these are being given to the Royal College of Nursing Educational Fund. Florence Nightingale (1820-1910) was born to wealth, but her vocation was so strong that, in spite of opposition, she studied in hospitals and in 1853 became superintendent of a London Hospital for Invalid Gentlewomen. When in 1854 the breakdown of medical services in the Crimea became known, she

offered her services to her friend Sidney Herbert, who was Secretary of War. She left for Scutari with a party of nurses in October, 1854, and, by untiring work, forced reforms through. The death-rate in hospitals was reduced from 42 per cent. in February, 1855, to 2 per cent. in June. She had unfailing support from Sidney Herbert, and when she returned in 1856 she continued her campaign

to improve Army nursing. Sidney Herbert died, largely of overwork, in 1861, but Miss Nightingale lived to receive the O.M. in 1907, and died in 1910. The drawing of Miss Nightingale in the Crimea was published in our issue of February 24, 1855. The lamp used in the film is copied from Miss Nightingale's own lamp, now in the Royal United Services Institute.





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

OF all salvias, the common sage, *Salvia officinalis*, is surely the noblest. I say this feelingly and sincerely, for a twelve-week-old Aylesbury duck was delivered at my door

to-day and, as was only fitting, it was brought to the front door, wrapped in a fair white cloth. But apart from being senior partner in that noblest work of man, sage-and-onions, *Salvia officinalis* has its merits in the flower-garden. It might with advantage flower a little more freely, for its plumes of violet blossom are handsome. On the other hand, a generous bush of sage can work wonders in the mixed flower or herbaceous border in toning down the too-common sin of overmuch colour. An oasis of sage-green is a grateful relief to the eye when the colour riot is a shade too successful. Clumps of lavender and rosemary are equally useful for this purpose. There is a purple-leaved form of the common sage and also a variegated variety of the purple, whose leaves are flecked with pink and ivory white, and these are not uncommon in the herbaceous border. They dodge the convention that sage is for the herb- or the kitchen- rather than the flower-garden. The relatively shy flowering of sage is probably due to too rich soil. On poor, hot, hungry ground, with more gravel and chalk than loam, it would probably flower more generously.

*Salvia splendens* is the exact opposite of *S. officinalis*. With its blinding scarlet it is the only plant, except perhaps the Siberian wallflower, that can hold its own when bedded out among the petrol pumps of a filling-station. I leave it at that.

*Salvia virgata nemorosa*, also called *S. x superba*, is probably the best all-round hardy herbaceous species we have, with its fine 2-ft. clumps of erect stems and slender spires of rich blue blossom, which seem to take a tinge of violet from their red-purple calyces. Easy to grow and imperturbably hardy, it's a grand plant. *Salvia patens*, alas, is not quite reliably hardy, though in mild districts it can survive an average winter in the open. The safer way in most places is to lift the almost tuberous roots and winter them under cover, and plant out again the following spring. The extra chore is well worth while, for after all it is no more trouble than storing dahlias, and *patens* is one of the most beautiful of all salvias and one of the bluest of all blue flowers. Its 2-ft. stems are strung from top almost to toe with good-sized blossoms, each with a curiously dramatic arched hood, and below this a big, wide, pendulous lip. Their colour is that of the spring gentian, *Gentiana verna*—the purest and most intense sapphire blue. There is a variety of *patens* with flowers of a vivid Cambridge blue, and both may be raised quite easily from seed sown in a pan in a cold-frame in spring. It is best to plant *Salvia patens* in clumps of several together, whilst a whole bed-full is a truly superb sight.

The lovely "African Skies" variety of *Salvia azurea*, of which I wrote in *The Illustrated London News* of September 30 last year, and of which such a fine colour illustration was given (*The Illustrated London News*, October 7, 1950), was to have been

### A FEW SALVIAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

launched last autumn, but I understand that unavoidable circumstances prevented this, though doubtless it will be available this autumn, or at latest next spring. Without doubt it will be a valuable and exquisite acquisition for the autumn—rather late autumn—border, with its great sheaves of wiry, 4-ft. stems and spreading panicles of luminous sky-blue blossoms.

*Salvia hematodes* has only begun to make itself felt in English gardens comparatively recently, but there can be little doubt that it has come to stay.

still, a dozen. It was well shown as a group of several dozen specimens in one of the big tents at Chelsea, 1950. One of the commonest faults among Chelsea exhibits is overcrowding (the same thing applies to visitors to the Show); but in the case of *hematodes* I felt that they would have been even more effective if they had been grouped in rather closer formation. Nevertheless, I realised then for the first time what a fine plant it is. Growing to a height of about

5 ft., it branches profusely and, in June and July, produces a perfect cloud of light-violet blossom. This summer my son had a group of several dozen specimens of *hematodes* in his garden, and the sight of it in full flower fully convinced me of its beauty and effectiveness, and at the same time of the importance of massing it. It's a plant for the big herbaceous border, or for massing in some isolated position quite by itself, as is well shown in the photograph of the clump in my son's garden. The plant produces quantities of seed, and is quite easily raised. Sown and planted out in good time one year, it will flower the following summer. As to what its "expectation of life" may be, I am uncertain. It may be a perfectly reliable and long-lived perennial. But there is an indefinable something about the plant which makes me suspect that its life may be a relatively short but gloriously merry one. But even if that should prove to be the case, it may still be classed as a well-worth-while species, especially in view of the ease with which it may be raised.

The practice of growing certain perennials—which normally go into the herbaceous border—massed as isolated groups in other parts of the garden, is not, I think, as fully appreciated as it might be, and *Salvia hematodes* is a good example of a plant which might well be grown in this way. Not every garden has a herbaceous border big and wide enough to accommodate a group of a dozen, or even half-a-dozen, five-footers. But a careful look round will often reveal all sorts of unoccupied corners and vacant spaces which for long have been accepted as they are, but which, well dug and prepared, would make the perfect setting for a group of a mass of some one plant.

*Cephalaria tartarica* is a species which is eminently suitable for growing in this way. This noble 6- to 8-ft. scabious, with big, soft, yellow flowers, is too big for any but a really big border. Grown by itself, several together—which sounds somewhat Irish—it makes a very handsome show and, incidentally, is invaluable for cutting. The lovely *Anemone japonica*, both the pink and the white, is another species which, usually planted in the herbaceous border, is splendid when grown in splendid isolation, and once planted may be relied on to flourish with a minimum of attention for all time. Many such perennials show

themselves to far better advantage when grown in this way than in the colour competition of the herbaceous border. But please do not think from this that I am against herbaceous borders. I'm not. I am merely suggesting a way of growing certain good plants for which there might otherwise be no room.



"THIS SUMMER MY SON HAD A GROUP OF SEVERAL DOZEN SPECIMENS OF *SALVIA HÆMATODES* IN HIS GARDEN, AND THE SIGHT OF IT IN FULL FLOWER FULLY CONVINCED ME OF ITS BEAUTY AND EFFECTIVENESS."



THE INFLORESCENCE OF *SALVIA HÆMATODES* WHICH "IN JUNE AND JULY PRODUCES A PERFECT CLOUD OF LIGHT-VIOLET BLOSSOM": A CLOSE-UP OF THIS AS YET RELATIVELY LITTLE-KNOWN SAGE.

Photographs by J. R. Jameson.

It was, I think, collected and introduced by my friend E. K. Balls. When I first met *hematodes* I was not particularly impressed, for I made the mistake of seeing a single, solitary specimen in my garden which a neighbour had given me as a seedling the year before. It is a plant that should be seen in a mass. Not less than half-a-dozen together, or, better



# SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

# PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE, AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



**ELECTED CHAIRMAN OF THE T.U.C. GENERAL COUNCIL FOR THE COMING YEAR: MR. ARTHUR DEAKIN.** Elected chairman of the Trades Union Congress General Council for the coming year. He is General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers Union; a member of the Institute of Transport; and he serves on Advisory Committees of the Ministries of Reconstruction and Production.



**THE HON. MARGARET LAMBERT.** Has just taken up her office as British editor-in-chief of the 400 tons of captured German Foreign Office Documents. Miss Lambert, who is the daughter of Viscount Lambert, the veteran Liberal, was appointed last April in succession to General Sir James Marshall-Cornwall.



**SIR HOLBERRY MENSFORTH.** Died on September 5, aged eighty. An outstanding engineer and a pioneer in the relations between managements and workers, he was a director of Tredgar Iron and Coal Co., Ltd.; Westland Aircraft, Ltd., and other companies. He was Director-General of Factories, War Office, 1920-26.



**FLIGHT-LIEUT. R. B. PRICKETT.** Pilot of a Meteor aircraft, powered by Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire jet engines, which broke four world air records for speed of climbing on August 31. Flight-Lieut. Prickett, who is twenty-nine, has been an Armstrong Siddeley test pilot since 1950. While serving with the R.A.F. he flew some sixty different types of aircraft.



**MR. RICHARD T. WINDLE.** Died on September 3, aged sixty-three. An expert on election procedure, he had been national agent of the Labour Party since 1946, having been previously assistant national agent since 1929. In 1946 he was the United Kingdom representative on the Allied Mission to observe the Greek elections. He was made a C.B.E. in 1947.



**BEFORE LEAVING TO HEAD THE BRITISH PARTY FOR A WASHINGTON CONFERENCE: SIR JOHN COCKCROFT.** Sir John Cockcroft, Director Atomic Energy Research Establishment, Ministry of Supply, is leading the conference between the U.S.A., Canada and the United Kingdom, at Washington, D.C., on September 14-16 on the release of atomic information. He left by air for America on September 7.



**THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN TO WIN THE U.S. LAWN TENNIS TITLE: FRANK SEDGMAN (LEFT) RECEIVING THE TROPHY.** Frank Sedgman won the United States Lawn Tennis Championship at Forest Hills on September 4. He is the first Australian to win the title. He beat V. Seixas with almost unbelievable ease by 6-4, 6-1, 6-1. Our photograph shows him receiving the trophy from Mr. Russell Kingman, President of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association.



**GIRL FINALISTS IN THE JUNIOR TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS: MISS E. M. WATSON (R.), WHO BEAT MISS V. A. PITT (L.).**



**FINALISTS IN THE JUNIOR TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON: R. K. WILSON (RIGHT), WHO BEAT R. BECKER (LEFT).** R. K. Wilson won the Boys' Singles in the Junior Championships at Wimbledon on September 8. Aged fifteen, he beat seventeen-year-old R. Becker 6-2, 6-0. With W. A. Knight he also won the Boys' Doubles. Miss E. M. Watson, who is seventeen, beat fifteen-year-old Miss V. Pitt by 6-1, 6-3.



**ONE OF THE YOUNGEST WINNERS OF THE U.S. WOMEN'S LAWN TENNIS TITLE: MISS MAUREEN CONNOLLY.** On September 5 Miss Maureen Connolly, sixteen-year-old American Wightman Cup player, became one of the youngest winners in the history of the U.S. women's lawn tennis championships when she beat Miss S. Fry, the Wimbledon finalist, by 6-3, 1-6, 6-4. On the previous day she defeated Miss D. Hart, the Wimbledon champion.



**AFTER TAKING THE CONSTITUTIONAL OATH AT AMMAN ON SEPTEMBER 6: KING TALAL OF JORDAN.** King Talal received a triumphal welcome on his first return home since the assassination of his father, King Abdullah. Our photograph shows him after taking the constitutional oath in the Parliament Buildings, to which he drove through beflagged streets. His eldest son, Prince Hussein, is standing (left), and the Premier, Tewfik Pasha Abuelhuda, and Cabinet Ministers are on the right.



**DR. NEVILLE LOVETT.** Died on September 8, aged eighty-two. He was Bishop of Salisbury 1936-46, having been previously Bishop of Portsmouth 1927-36. Educated at Sherborne, he was ordained in 1892, and was Rector of St. Mary's Parish Church, Southampton, 1912-24; and Archdeacon of Portsmouth and Vicar of St. Thomas, Portsmouth, 1924-27.



**SIGNING THE THREE-POWER PACIFIC PACT IN SAN FRANCISCO: MR. DEAN ACHESON, SIGNING FOR THE UNITED STATES.** The Pacific Pact, or the Tripartite Security Treaty, as it is officially described, was signed by the United States, Australia and New Zealand on September 1 in San Francisco. Our photograph shows (l. to r., standing) Mr. J. Foster Dulles; Senator B. Hickenlooper; Rep. A. Ribicoff; Senator A. Wiley and Rep. W. Judd. The Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson, is signing for the U.S.A.



# The World of the Theatre.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I WRITE this by a window that looks on to a sixteenth-century dovecote, round which a few pigeons flutter vaguely. It is, surprisingly, hot: only a group of Americans, working with business-like method through the ruins of Dirleton Castle, seem to have any spirit for the day's work. In the distance, the massive hump of North Berwick Law rises against a pastel-blue sky. This is the outer circle of the Edinburgh Festival, its very rim. Out here at

no doubt those who come freshly to "Ardèle" will be duly excited by Anouilh's extreme technical ingenuity; the way in which he manages to set before us this wild household, with its mad, peacock-crying wife: a household dominated by the figure of the hunchback-woman, Ardèle herself, who never appears, and whose eager and hopeless love ends in tragedy.

In Edinburgh, two nights later, I saw another production for a second time: "The Winter's Tale," brought up from the Phoenix for a week of Festival. This stood up most handsomely to another visit. We can never regard Leontes again as an unplayable character: John Gielgud both terrifies and moves us. Peter Brook's entire production is crammed with pleasures: the noble calm of Diana Wynyard and her statue-poise; Flora Robson's very human Paulina, a part that, though

upon Hermione for sixteen years. We take it all for granted—as Shakespeare must have known. Certainly I find myself asking far fewer questions about it than about the plotting of "Ardèle."

I have never asked any questions about the farce of "The Comedy of Errors." If you start to analyse this play, the head whirls. There is no reason for analysis: it is simply a complex double-twin farce that in performance (unless this is unusually masterful) can fall flat. Dowden said of it that it is "the flashing across and to-and-fro of dragon-flies." He said also that Aegeon's "human sorrow and affliction cannot wholly pass from view." I do not know what he would have made of the Cambridge Amateur Dramatic Club's recent revival of the piece at the Watergate, in which "hapless Aegeon whom the fates have marked to bear the extremity of dire mishap" turned out to be a large and energetically vocal personage who looked like an undertaker with a North Country accent. There were all manner of curious things in this production which put Ephesus into Victorian costume, turned the Dromios into a pair of nautical twins, provided a fussy, floundering Duke in trouble with his collar, created Antipholuses in blazers and straw boaters direct from some mid-Victorian parody, and tossed in at the end an Abbess who had undoubtedly listened with interest and appreciation to the cooing tones of Miss Barbara Mullen.

Scandalous, no doubt; but "The Comedy of Errors" is not a play for exaggerated reverence. It is as free and easy as the pigeons who are now wheeling about the Dirleton cote in the September sunshine. The Cambridge players, acting with zest under John Barton's direction, put fresh vigour into the familiar exchanges. And as for the insertion of a number of songs (music by Geoffrey Beaumont; words by Shakespeare)—well, there is precedent enough for this. Frederic Reynolds staged "The Comedy of Errors" as an opera in 1819, dragging in—so we are told—"with complete impropriety" songs from other works by Shakespeare.

The Watergate evening was not protracted. If the joke had been padded out it would have palled; but Mr. Barton stopped it at just the right time. In the past I have often found "The Comedy" acted in a double bill with another piece. When I met it first it was played as a prelude to "The Bells," with a popular touring actor of the 1920's in full cry as Mathias. For a playgoer aged twelve it was a royally indigestible programme: as indigestible, I should think, as the double bill at Sadler's Wells in 1855, when Samuel Phelps did "The



"HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY-BUSH IN SHAKESPEARE'S EPHEBUS—NOW IN SURPRISING VICTORIAN COSTUME AND THE CAMBRIDGE A.D.C. TO ACT AND SING": "THE COMEDY OF ERRORS" AT THE WATERGATE, SHOWING (L. TO R.) AEGEON (DAVID KING); DUKE OF EPHEBUS (CYRIL HARTLEY); DROMIO OF EPHEBUS (PETER LEWIS); ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS (JOHN MACGREGOR); ADRIANA (JEAN PARRY); AMELIA (DIANA BRAMWELL); ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE (ANGUS MACKAY); DROMIO OF SYRACUSE (JOHN WILDERS); LUCIANA (SASHA MOORSOM) AND ANGELO (ROBIN TUCK).

Dirleton are Festival visitors who have forsaken the press of Princes Street, the surge of the Festival Club, the metropolitan banter. We are country cousins; but to-night, straws in mouth, we shall be moving gently along the winding road by the Firth towards Edinburgh, the Royal Lyceum Theatre and the French company from the Théâtre de l'Atelier that is upholding the "auld alliance," the bond between the French and the Scots.

Its first play will be—and one almost writes "of course"—an Anouilh, "Le Bal des Voleurs." I have just come from seeing another of Anouilh's plays in London, "Ardèle," at the Vaudeville. The strange Frenchman looks like being the season's most-performed dramatist: we shall know him very well indeed by Christmas. "Ardèle" was staged last year at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre in what I felt, personally, was a more exciting production than this smooth performance in London. It may be that the piece does not bear a second visit. Certainly it did not have the same impact. I came out into the Strand—a pleasantly normal, matter-of-fact Strand—admiring Anouilh's technical daring, his dexterity and attack, but feeling more out of patience than before with his warped views on love and life; his determination to prove that, after all, this is a world of dust and ashes.

The scene is a French country house, period 1912. At the beginning of this act, according to a stage direction in the printed text, someone feels for a switch and "a dim light comes from a bronze Cupid at the foot of the stairs." It seems somehow to be an expression of the play. On stage at least there is little of the light of true love: it is all dim, blurred. A quotation will show how Anouilh treats his theme. Love, he says—in a speech put into the mouth of a Count, acted by Ronald Squire—love is "like a children's game. . . . You pass the lighted match from hand to hand, and you either burn your own fingers, or else get rid of the match in time and watch the others burn theirs. And either way it isn't very pretty." At the Birmingham Repertory I was even more conscious than at the Vaudeville of the clever theatrics of the piece—no one can doubt Anouilh's mastery here—and not so conscious of its unpleasant scenes: those for the children, for example, which parody the behaviour of the grown-ups.

One part miscast at Birmingham is now most expertly played—the old General of George Relph—and the young people, Veronica Hurst and Ronald Howard, always repay watching. So, for that matter, do Isabel Jeans, Ronald Squire and Nicholas Phipps as a fantastic trio stamped with Anouilh's special brand of cynicism; but the performance as a whole did not sting as that at Birmingham did. It may be, as I say, that the element of surprise has gone:



"THE EXQUISITE PETER BROOK REVIVAL OF THE LATE-SHAKESPEAREAN ROMANCE WHICH WENT UP FOR A WEEK TO THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL AND HAS SINCE REOPENED IN LONDON AT THE PHOENIX": "THE WINTER'S TALE," SHOWING A SCENE FROM ACT I. WITH (L. TO R.) LEONTES (JOHN GIELGUD); HERMIONE (DIANA WYNYARD) AND POLIXENES (BREWSTER MASON).

superficially simple, is awkward to judge and can be over-driven by an insensitive actress; and George Rose's ingratiating Autolycus, finding matter for a hot May. Then there are the snowstorm, the bear, the revel of the sheep-shearing, the little narrative scene for various Gentlemen and Paulina's steward.

The production made me realise again that commentators who try anxiously to disentangle the plot and to explain its manifold absurdities, are not really serving much purpose. Shakespeare knew always just how far he could go. Not many people, once the play is over and they are still under the spell of such a revival as this, will ask awkward questions about, say, Paulina's guard



"HERE ANOUILH IS AT HIS SOUREST AND MOST CYNICAL AS WELL AS HIS MOST TECHNICALLY DEXTEROUS": "THE COMEDY OF ERRORS" AT THE VAUDEVILLE, SHOWING (L. TO R.) THE COUNT (RONALD SQUIRE); NICHOLAS (RONALD HOWARD); NATALIE (VERONICA HURST); VILLARDIEU (NICHOLAS PHIPPS); THE COUNTESS (ISABEL JEANS); EMILY (JANE HENDERSON); THE GENERAL (GEORGE RELPH) AND ADA (FANNY CARBY).

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE COMEDY OF ERRORS" (Watergate).—Here we go round the mulberry-bush in Shakespeare's Ephesus—now in surprising Victorian costume (with a heavy-father Aegeon) and the Cambridge A.D.C. to act and sing. (August 23.)

"MEN AND WOMEN" (Q).—A play of matrimonial debate, by Shirland Quin, that, in spite of much extremely intelligent discussion, is botched for the stage by its defective technique. It could probably be turned into a workable play; and, if so, it should still have Joyce Heron in the part of a jealous, possessive wife that she acted at Kew with genuine skill and address. (August 28.)

"THE WINTER'S TALE" (Edinburgh).—The exquisite Peter Brook revival of the late-Shakespearean romance came up for a week to the Festival, with John Gielgud, Diana Wynyard and Flora Robson, and has since reopened in London at the Phoenix. (August 28.)

"ARDELE" (Vaudeville).—The first exhibit in the autumn's Anouilh collection is a technician's delight; but it is better to regard it rather as a piece of stagecraft than as a play with any acceptable philosophy about love and life. Here Anouilh is at his sourest and most cynical as well as his most technically dexterous. The acting, especially George Relph's General, is most agreeable; but the production has not the tang of Douglas Seale's at the Birmingham Repertory last year. (August 30.)

Comedy" in harness with a new play, "Hamilton of Bothwell-haugh," on which history is silent.

The title brings us back to Scotland and to this gentle afternoon at Dirleton. It has begun to cloud over now; but visitors are still padding across the velvet pile of the turf by Dirleton Castle, and the pigeons—only a few of them—still haunt the impressive stone cote. It is time to get back from country to town: Edinburgh calls.



# FROM CHINGFORD TO WORCESTER CATHEDRAL: ENGINEERING AND THE ARTS IN BRITAIN.



LONDON'S NEWEST RESERVOIR BEGINS TO FILL: WATER FLOWING FROM THE INLET PIPES OF THE GREAT SOUTH CHINGFORD RESERVOIR INAUGURATED ON SEPTEMBER 4.

The 334-acre South Chingford reservoir, one of London's largest, completed after fifteen and a half years (the delay being caused by the war), was inaugurated on September 4 by Mr. W. H. Girling, Chairman of the Metropolitan Water Board, after whom it is being named. It cost £2,334,000 to build, and marks the final stage in a progressive scheme for the Lea Valley.



LOWERING THE WORLD'S FIRST GAS-TURBINE ALTERNATOR TO BE INSTALLED IN A MERCHANT SHIP—THE SHELL TANKER *AURIS*, AT NEWCASTLE.

The 12,000-ton Shell tanker *Auris* was commissioned three years ago, and has operated as a normal tanker in which new devices have been tested. During this month she has been fitted with a gas-turbine alternator unit, made by B.T.H., and fitted at Hawthorn, Leslie's yards at Hebburn-on-Tyne.



THE CANDLE CEREMONY THAT CLOSED THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL AND THE ORATION THAT PRECEDED THE PLAYING OF THE HAYDN FAREWELL SYMPHONY AND THE BLOWING-OUT OF THE CANDLES.

The Edinburgh Festival ended at midnight on September 8 with the playing of Haydn's Farewell Symphony, in which each player as his part ended snuffed out his candle and silently departed, the conductor, Sir John Barbirolli, blowing out the last candle as the clocks struck midnight. The concert was preceded by special lines spoken by Miss Lennox Milne and Mr. Duncan Macrae.



THE SAXONS STORM A LATH-AND-PLASTER "TORQUILSTONE CASTLE": A SCENE TAKEN DURING THE FILMING OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S "IVANHOE."

This "Torquilstone Castle" is not in Yorkshire, where Scott placed it in "Ivanhoe," but at Boreham Wood, in Hertfordshire, where it has been created in most impressive lath-and-plaster for the filming of that story, with an Anglo-U.S. cast.



THE THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL IN WORCESTER CATHEDRAL, WITH MR. DAVID WILLCOCKS, THE WORCESTER ORGANIST, CONDUCTING THE CHOIRS AND THE L.S.O.

This year's Three Choirs Festival, during the first week of September, took place in Worcester; and among the major works performed were Bach's B minor Mass, Julius Harrison's Mass in C, Howells' "Hymnus Paradisi," Handel's "Messiah" and Sir Edward Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius."





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MOSTLY PAINTED GLASSES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

of pounds. I happen to be one of those unfortunates (luckily for our self-esteem we are fairly numerous) who cut ourselves off from the company of the elect by failing to register enthusiasm

TALKING about glass some weeks ago, I expressed a modified scepticism about the meaning of the term "firing-glass," which, said all the best people without further explanation, "had a short stem and foot thickened to withstand hammering on the table" and "toast-masters' glasses are of this form, thickened also in the bowl to diminish their capacity." To me this sounded a little odd as well as vague, and I found it difficult to believe that these small, stumpy wine-glasses, one of which I illustrated, were in fact made specifically for this purpose. If such things were used in such a way—and I myself can hammer in a table to better purpose with a more robust object—it seemed to me that they were originally made in this shape as convenient, small-sized drinking-vessels and that they acquired their unusual name afterwards. What I said then resulted in several interesting letters, and enabled me to make more than one agreeable contact. It turns out that the term "firing-glass" is a commonplace in Masonic circles, because of the custom of introducing a toast with the phrase: "Let us fire a mighty volley." The toast is drunk and the table is duly hammered, but—and here is the point—not necessarily with the glasses. The custom seems to vary in the various lodges up and down the country. (I don't think I'm giving away any closely guarded secrets.) In one place, for example, the only person to hold such a glass is the Master; this happens to be an eighteenth-century piece, and he is much too proud of it to take any liberties. In short, the term became attached to a certain type of small wine-glass, but I hold that the glass preceded the name, which became current later when the custom had spread. A lodge would then order a series of glass of all sizes, including this short, thick-stem type, often, of course, with Masonic emblems engraved upon them, and so the name passed into the language, with some emphasis, as the above quotations seem to show, upon a particular and, one might say, esoteric ritual. I need scarcely add that I am most grateful to the numerous people who provided me with the information of which this is a summary, and I don't know whether to congratulate one of them more upon having bought in a side-street shop for 40s. a firing-glass similar to Fig. 1 here, or upon the quality of the cognac he poured into it after lunch. The talk on another occasion and at another table turned to decanters: my host had a pair of cut-glass so-called ships' decanters—that is, decanters much broader in the base than at the shoulder, so that it is nearly impossible to upset them—with mushroom-shaped stoppers. These decanters seemed to me of a sort which anyone might envy without falling into mortal sin, but their owner thought nothing of them and hankered after the tall, noble shape with a pointed stopper which was much in vogue during the last years of the eighteenth century, and complained that the few of that kind which he had seen were far beyond his means. True enough, such things are not cheap—and if by chance you should fall in love with a perfect specimen enamelled like Fig. 2c here in white, you must begin to think in terms of hundreds, not of tens,



FIG. 1. A "FIRING-GLASS" WITH THICKENED STEM, CONTAINING A BLUE AND WHITE OPAQUE TWIST. MR. DAVIS DISCUSSES THE POSSIBILITY THAT THE NAME MAY DERIVE FROM A MASONIC CUSTOM. (4½ INS. HIGH.)



FIG. 2 (A-E). A GROUP OF GLASS PAINTED BY WILLIAM BEILBY OF NEWCASTLE (1740-1819). A first glance at this very fine group might lead to the belief that they were all ornamented with engraving. This is not so. The ornament is all painted, entirely in white except for b, where there is some colour, and c, where the label "Claret" is enclosed in a scroll of pale blue and white. The decanter and the ale-glass (d) are especially fine pieces. Reproduced by courtesy of Sotheby and Co.

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over the many attempts which have been made in Germany, the Netherlands and, to a lesser degree and much later, in our own island, to paint domestic glass in enamel colours. We are liable to offend the *cognoscenti* by roundly declaring that such a glass would be a fine thing unadorned and that it never was good practice to paint the lily. But most of us, prigs and purists though we may be, fall victims to the very special charms of two types of English enamelling. One is the eighteenth-century fashion of Bristol to make an opaque white glass and paint it in colours, in imitation of porcelain. That can be a very pretty thing indeed. The second is the type of painting seen on the body of this decanter by William Beilby (Fig. 2c). It is not surprising that Newcastle is proud of its Beilby family. The father was a goldsmith, and his younger son Ralph (1743-1817) followed the same craft. Thomas Bewick, whose little wood engravings have been the despair of later practitioners of this apparently simple but, in fact, quite difficult minor art, was apprenticed to Ralph, and mentions in his autobiography that Ralph's brother and sister, William (1740-1819) and Mary (1749-1797), were constantly employed in enamel painting on glass. What is so attractive about this piece, as in nearly all those which can on grounds of style be confidently ascribed to one or other of the Beilbys, and, very definitely in the case of William, is the fine taste with which his delicate drawing stops before he has covered the whole surface at his disposal. He has a truly Chinese sense of fitness. I suggest that this characteristic is seen to great advantage in this decanter with its vine-leaves and grapes, in the glass of Fig. 2d (barley and hops), and in the festoons of flowers beneath the rim of the opaque-twist wine-glass of Fig. 2a. Something of the same sort of reticence is to be noted in the armorial glass of Fig. 2b—where the Netherlands or Germany would have smothered nearly the whole surface with painting, Beilby has

been more discreet, but I have the impression that he did not greatly enjoy having to work to a set formula. I believe he was much happier adapting the flowing lines of vine-leaf or hop to the shape of the glass; how gracefully the design droops down the side of the little ale-glass! In Fig. 2e he has attempted something of a different sort—a design of fruit and gourds, but this seems to cut the bowl in half and is, I suggest, not nearly so successful as the others. I should add that in all these five pieces the only colour is to be found in the armorial glass of Fig. 2b and in the decanter, where the label "Claret" is enclosed in a sort of scroll of pale blue and white—all the rest are painted in white. Note the well-proportioned knopped baluster stem of the armorial glass, the good, opaque-twisted stems of the other three, and the conical feet of all four. Even without William Beilby's paint-

ing these would be fine glasses. Note also, please, that I have been talking about glasses painted in enamels—a careless glance at the illustrations of this very fine group might give the impression that they were decorated by engraving. It is scarcely necessary to add that, though their interest to collectors, and their value, lies in the circumstance that they were painted by William Beilby, they are very decidedly just those types which, even without their decoration, we would all like to possess and which, unadorned, cause less havoc to our bank accounts.



# ONE OF BRITAIN'S BIGGEST OIL BLAZES: THE GREAT FIRE AT AVONMOUTH.



FIGHTING TO PREVENT THE SPREAD OF THE FIRE IN WHICH SOME 4,000,000 GALLONS OF OIL OR SPIRIT WERE DESTROYED: FIREMEN AT AVONMOUTH.

A FIRE, believed to be the biggest peace-time oil blaze ever to occur in Britain, followed an explosion on the afternoon of September 6 at the Royal Edward Dock, Avonmouth, Bristol. Eleven storage tanks and cylinders were involved in the fire, with the loss of some four million gallons out of a total of 16,000 tons in the oil basin. The fire began in the Regent Oil Company's Abadan delivery compound. The cause is unknown, and it has been stated that it will be the subject of a Home Office inquiry. The flames leapt from tank to tank in the main storage compound, and 300 firemen, reinforced by troops and naval contingents from south-western ports, fought all night to confine the fire to the area of its origin. Half-a-million gallons of foam compound were used in twelve hours, including 5000 gallons sent by express train from the London Fire Brigade, which also sent twenty firemen. By the evening of September 7 the blaze was reported to be under control, and tanks only 150 yards away belonging to other companies were no longer threatened. The latest estimates show that the damage was lighter than was at first feared, but the loss to the company is put at upwards of £400,000. Two employees of the company who were working on top of the tank which first exploded have been posted as missing, presumed dead.



BELIEVED TO BE THE BIGGEST PEACE-TIME OIL BLAZE EVER TO OCCUR IN BRITAIN: THE BLAZING OIL STORAGE TANKS AT AVONMOUTH SEEN FROM THE AIR.



BILLLOWING FORTH SMOKE AND FLAMES: BLAZING TANKS IN AVONMOUTH DOCK. FIREMEN POURED CEASELESS STREAMS OF WATER ON NEARBY TANKS THREATENED BY THE FIRE.



SOME OF THE MEN WHO RISKED LIFE AND LIMB IN THE LONG FIGHT AGAINST THE FLAMES: FIREMEN DIRECTING HOSES ON THE OIL STORAGE TANKS.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THIS may not seem to be the place for a discussion on "What's wrong with the drama." But in the realm of fiction anything may crop up, and the irrelevant and question-begging theme has now intruded. "Burning Bright," by John Steinbeck (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), is described on the title-page as a play in story form, and in the author's foreword as a play-novelle. He goes on to explain it as a new amalgam—"a play that is easy to read or a short story that can be played simply by lifting out the dialogue"—and to expound its *raison d'être* from both points of view. Here we can leave out the theatrical advantages. His literary motive is that printed plays are not much read, and in a narrative, connected form they would have more chance.

There are two answers on the plane of theory. First, why should they be read? A novel does not ask to be performed on the stage. And, secondly, they will be read if they are good enough. Omitting Shakespeare, I could give a long list of plays, from Molière to Shaw, which have a reading public larger than their stage public. Novels are easier to read, and playwrights naturally, if exorbitantly, wish to be read. One can't blame Mr. Steinbeck for his little venture, or deny that he has got something.

And I can well believe it needed great care and skill. In substance it is a poetic melodrama on the theme of fatherhood. Joe Saul is middle-aged and has been married twice, but has no child. And since his grand obsession is "the blood"—meaning the inheritance of acquired characteristics—he sees this lack as a betrayal of his calling and the human species. His young wife knows that he is sterile; so does Friend Ed; but they agree that full conviction of it would destroy him. Meanwhile the very thought is poisoning his soul; and with the entry of his young partner we understand what Mordeen is about to do.

The situation, then, is pure drama. And it is worked out strictly in dramatic terms; no more is added to the dialogue than could be seen on the stage. This formal rigour goes with an undoubted brilliance of execution. But, on the other hand, it is a stage brilliance, and so we come to what's wrong with the drama. I don't pretend to know, but I am sure it is less healthy than the novel. It seems to have escaped from realism into unreality, and to be twisting like a sick man on his bed—to borrow Dante's image—in a futile quest for wellbeing. Its action, necessarily bald and brief, must have a cosmic range. Joe Saul, for instance, must be universal; he starts off as a circus acrobat, but he could just as well have been "a farmer, or a sailor, or a faceless Everyone. . . ." So in Act II. he is a farmer, in Act III. a sailor, and in the concluding scene a faceless Everyone—by favour of a surgical mask. These short cuts to significance may pass on the stage, but in the novel they provoke a smile. However, there is still the dialogue—cosmic, of course, effective on its level, and decidedly the best part.

"Loving Without Tears," by M. J. Farrell (Collins; 9s. 6d.), smacks of the theatre in a more casual, more diluted way. Angel, its monster-heroine, rules and devours her loved ones in a Gothic castle on the edge of an Irish cliff. Of course, she does it for their good, and they adore her blindly. Or they have in the past; her steward, Oliver, has been the only critic. Then suddenly, with "baby Julian" coming home from the war and not a cloud on the horizon, all her subjects burst into flame. Slaney, the infant Slaney, has acquired a beau. Julian turns up with a betrothed, a neat, indomitable little Yankee ten years his senior. Even the orphan niece, that small domestic brownie, has become a rebel. Even the faithful nannie is pursuing a "follower." Angel, indignant but undaunted, girds herself to win them all back and blight each threatening romance, entirely for their own good. Meanwhile, in Julian's Sally, Oliver has found a lost love; and he is being entreated to propose to Angel in the public interest.

Here we have all the convolutions and perpetual motion of a stage comedy. This writer does not stick to the dramatic method; she employs every means, in just the ordinary way. Yet even her descriptive background has a taste of theatre. And though the whole affair is good fun, it is not quite as funny or convincing as it ought to be, and as perhaps it would be in its real element.

In "Venetian Bird," by Victor Canning (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), the genre is pure, established and self-confident; the treatment is masterly. It makes no effort to transcend itself and turn the thriller into something high or deep, but it has every merit that can be contained within its own sphere.

Mercer, an honest, rather seedy Englishman on the down grade, has been employed to trace a young Italian called Gian Uccello. On that account he is in Venice. It seems a harmless job; Uccello saved a life in the war, and the inquirer is a grateful parent. But someone does not mean him to be found. One volunteer informant ends in a canal; Mercer is beaten up, and bribed to make himself scarce, and strongly tempted to comply. He knows now that Uccello is a murderer; he could report him dead and prove it, but he also knows that it is not true. And in the last resort his frayed integrity compels him to return the bribe and go after the truth at all hazards. Speed, smoothness, finish, a serene intelligence, feeling in just the right proportion and of sound quality—this novel is a pattern of its kind.

"And Cauldron Bubble," by Brian Flynn (John Lang; 9s. 6d.), is a much homelier attempt. An aged lady has been strangled with a silk stocking, in her "grace and favour" apartments at Quinster Castle. On the same night, her crony, Mrs. Whitburn, not quite so old, not quite so grand, who lives just opposite at the Red Deer, has vanished without trace. There seems no motive, and the only leading circumstance is Mrs. Whitburn's surprising order for two property wigs, one of which was found under the body. Such is the problem facing the inspector from Scotland Yard and his gentleman-assistant Anthony Bathurst, and they do peg away at it—with unflagging singleness of mind. And Mr. Bathurst gains our sympathy by his addiction to loss of confidence. The author does not play quite fair—he carries misdirection far beyond what is allowable; but I shall not split on him.

## CHESS NOTES

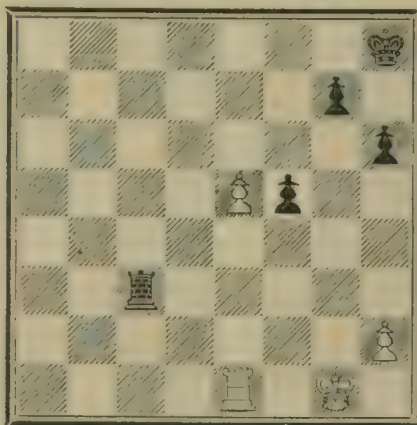
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

OUR two diagrams depict the climax of this year's British Championship. When the last of the eleven rounds started, E. Klein, the naturalised Austrian who came to England about 1935, was half a point ahead of R. J. Broadbent, reigning champion, who therefore had to do better than Klein in the last round to retain his title.

After five hours' hard play, each was preparing to adjourn his game.

Klein had gained a pawn and his opponent, Milner-Barry, was pondering hard and long, deciding what move to "seal" to save the game:

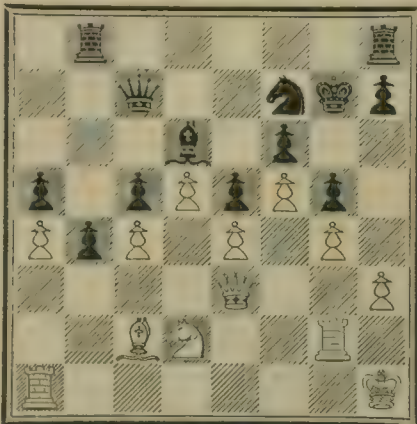
E. KLEIN (Black).



P. S. MILNER-BARRY (White).

Broadbent's position was a complete contrast, a turgid deadlock of the type which sometimes arises from a Ruy Lopez:

T. H. TYLOR (Black).



R. J. BROADBENT (White).

If anything, Black has the merest shade of advantage; he can consider opening up the game by ... P-KR4 more safely than could White by the same move. Broadbent is a realist. Instead of sealing a move, on a sudden decision he offered Tylor a draw, which was accepted. Hearing this, Klein immediately offered Milner-Barry the draw, which was likewise accepted, making Klein the new champion.

Would you offer a draw in Broadbent's position? I don't think I would. I don't think Klein would!

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## COUNTY GALLANTRY.

"VERY good show! Just like the Buffs." This remark was made by Colonel Eadie, of the Staffordshire Yeomanry, to Corporal W. H. Yeomans, who, surprised by three Italian tanks in a *wadi* and with no more than the men of his machine-gun team, captured one tank and forced the others to withdraw. "Very good show! Just like the Buffs," might be no bad unofficial motto for this famous Regiment, the fourth volume of the history of which has just appeared. This, under the title, "Historical Records of the Buffs (1919-1948)" (Medici Society), is by Colonel C. R. B. Knight, O.B.E., himself a former Buff. This volume continues the work of his father, the late Captain H. R. Knight, and of the late Colonel R. S. H. Moody, who covered the history of the Regiment from 1572 to 1919. The 370 years of the history of the "Royal East Kent Regiment (Third Foot), formerly designated the Holland Regiment and Prince George of Denmark's Regiment," embody the history of one of the "fightin'est" Regiments in the British Army. After dealing briefly with the Buffs' post-World War I. activities in Ireland, Mesopotamia, the Chanak incident, the Burma Rebellion, and the other duties of a regular unit in peacetime, Colonel Knight raises the curtain on World War II. There was hardly a theatre in which some unit of the Buffs (expanded to five battalions) did not serve, and always Colonel Eadie's exclamation could apply. The writing of a regimental history must present problems of peculiar difficulties. There is not only the study of the war diaries, despatches, official documents, but the necessity, in compiling a record which in a regiment like the Buffs is likely to be handed down from father to son, of seeing that nobody and no incident is left out. On the other hand, it is equally vital to ensure that this vast mass of detail does not become stodgy to the non-regimental reader, to whom, however, the history of so famous a regiment is part of our national heritage. To my mind, Colonel Knight has succeeded admirably in his task. Even to the outsider such as myself, the story, as he tells it, cannot but be intensely interesting and, at times, because of its very restraint, deeply moving. In such a tale of gallantry spread over half the world, it is difficult to select. There is, however, a British tradition which applauds glorious failure, and the chapter on the desperate but hopeless defence of Leros, after which the fourth Battalion was not reformed, is one of the finest in the book. Colonel Knight is to be congratulated on raising so worthy a memorial to so fine a regiment. The volume is beautifully produced and can be obtained at the remarkably low price of 25s. from The Administrative Officer, at The Buffs Depot in Canterbury.

Everything I have said about the history of the Buffs could equally be applied to "The Devons," by Jeremy Taylor (White Swan Press; 15s.). As Dr. Arthur Bryant says in his foreword: "A regiment exists not only to organise, train and marshal men for war, but to enable them in the hour of necessity—the hour that war always brings—to become something more than men. The history of a regiment is the history of an inner Faith and of its transmission from man to man and from generation to generation. A regiment's success or failure in war turns in the last resort on that Faith." Mr. Jeremy Taylor has succeeded in this book, which covers the history of the regiment from Stuart times to the present troubles in Malaya, in explaining, by inference, what it is that gives a great regiment the background which enables it to maintain and add to that greatness.

Of its nature, Mr. Taylor's book covers more ground than that of Colonel Knight. For he deals with the earlier history of the regiment, such, for example, as its exploits at the siege of Toulon. There, under Lord Mulgrave, "Captain Moncrieff again led his fearsome crew up impossible precipices under the autumn sun to throw the enemy in hand-to-hand fighting headlong over the heights. Altogether fifteen hundred of France's future unbeatable army were killed in battle or pushed to their deaths over the edges of the cliff on that 1st October. Lord Mulgrave, looking with a proud and fatherly eye on his set of ruffians, was 'at a loss to express his sentiments of their intrepid spirit.'" (Not a bad eighteenth-century equivalent of "typical of the Buffs"! ) There is a vivid description of the famous assault on Aripiles Hill at Salamanca, when the regiment—which went into battle 412 strong and lost 340 officers and men—earned for itself the proud title of "the bloody Eleventh" and for Wellington the rout of the French army. There is some effective nostalgic description of the work of the T.A. before the last war, in the Michael Arlen-cum-Left-Wing 'thirties, "when the history of England grew cobwebs on the bookshelf." And there is, of course, a full, a vivid and satisfying description of the Regiment's activities in the last war. A first-class book which should certainly be read with Colonel Knight's.

From the military tradition to the civil. Any visitor to the House of Commons will see a group of men round the historic halls of the Palace of Westminster. At their head will be a more-or-less voluble individual. He is an M.P.—and the flock are his constituents, whom he is anxiously hoping to impress with his knowledge of the history of his place of work. For that reason I can assure Sir Herbert Dunnico, the author of "Mother of Parliaments" (MacDonald; 6s.), of a sale of at least 600 copies. It will be read with interest by the general public, but with avidity by his former colleagues in the House of Commons, harassed by the necessity of appearing politely hostile and eagerly informative to their local followers. It is an admirable little guide to the Palace of Westminster, from its history to the acoustics of the new Chamber. What is more, it is of the size which can easily be slipped in the pocket or, in an emergency, be "palmed" as a crib.

I have only one criticism to make of "Public Schools Cricket, 1901-1950," by W. N. Roe (Parrish; 15s.), and that is that this otherwise admirable "Wisden" of the Public Schools is distinctly incomplete. That is to say, in the last half-century (and certainly during the last twenty-five years) other public schools, such as Stowe, have arisen which have attained a cricketer's eminence which is considerably higher than many of the older schools mentioned here. Apart from this, it is a most comprehensive and interesting volume.

E. D. O'BRIEN.





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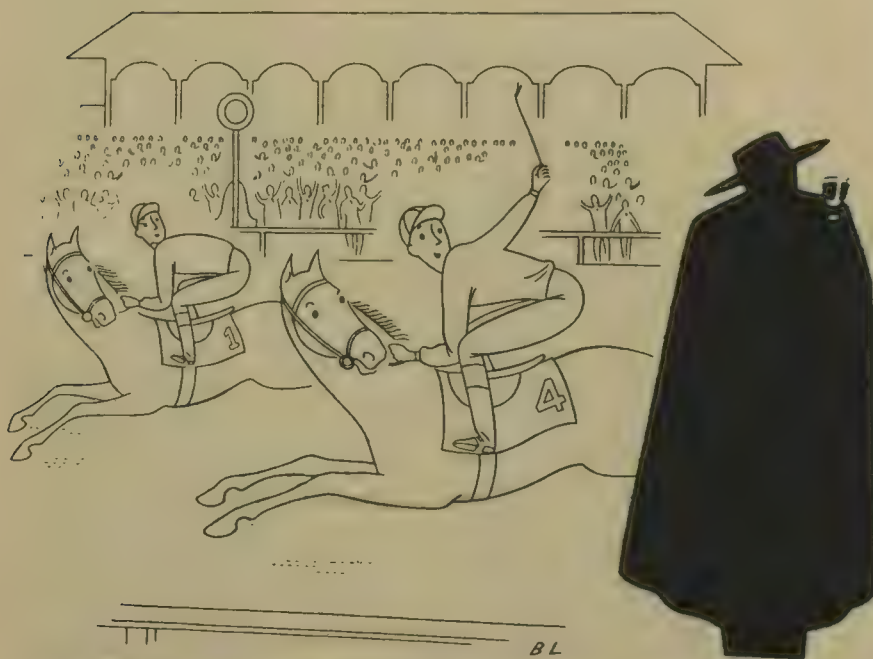
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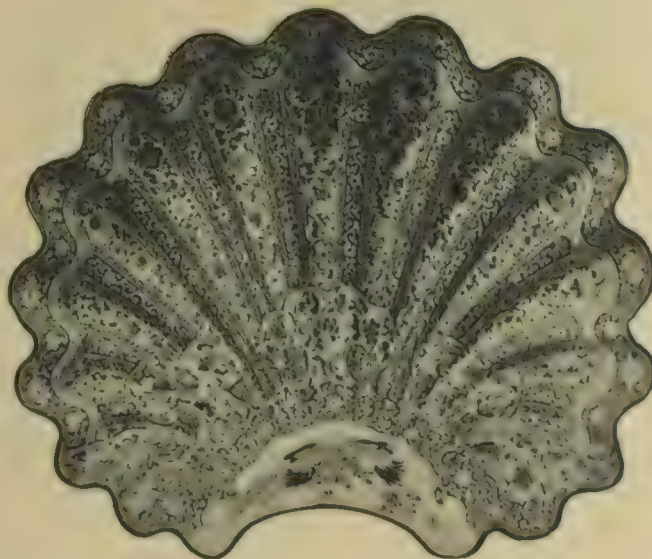
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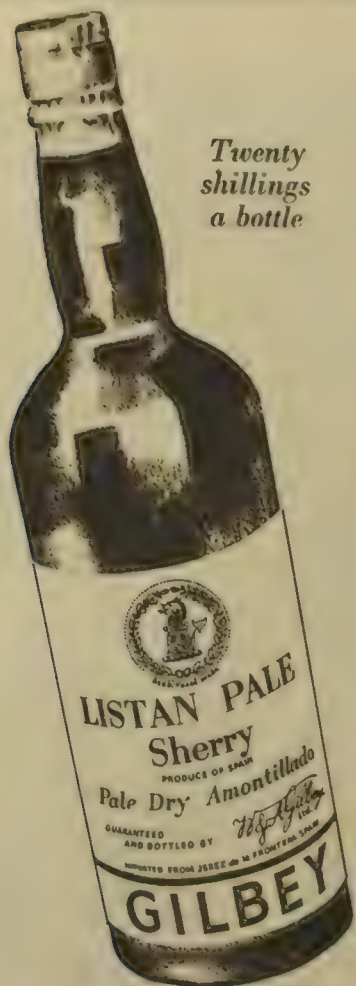
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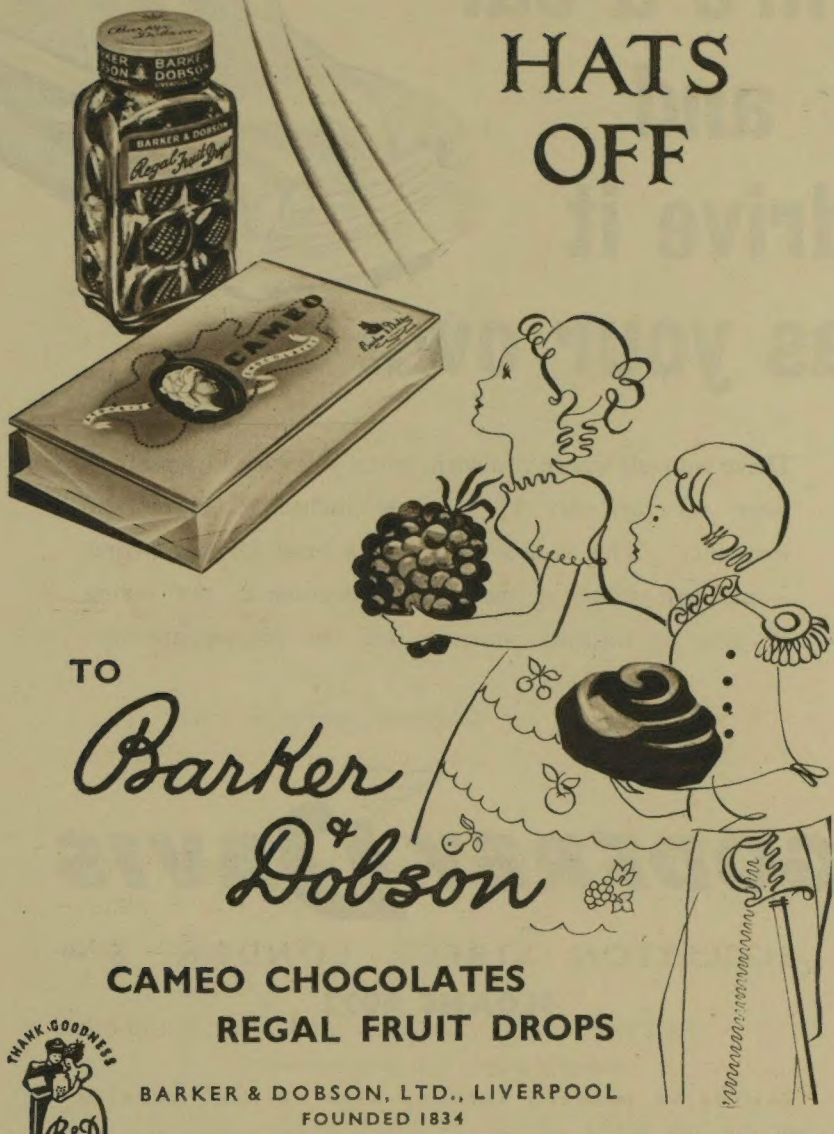
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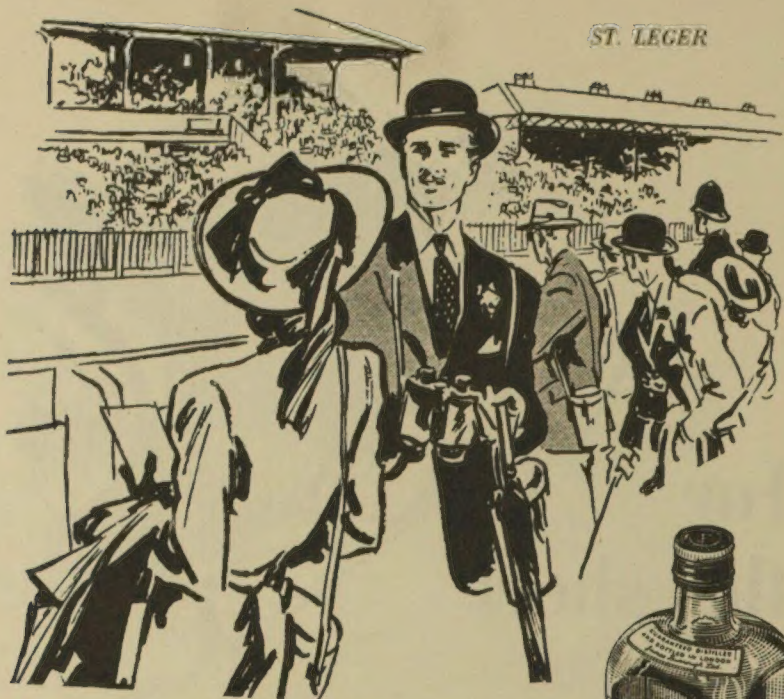


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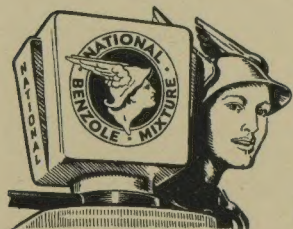


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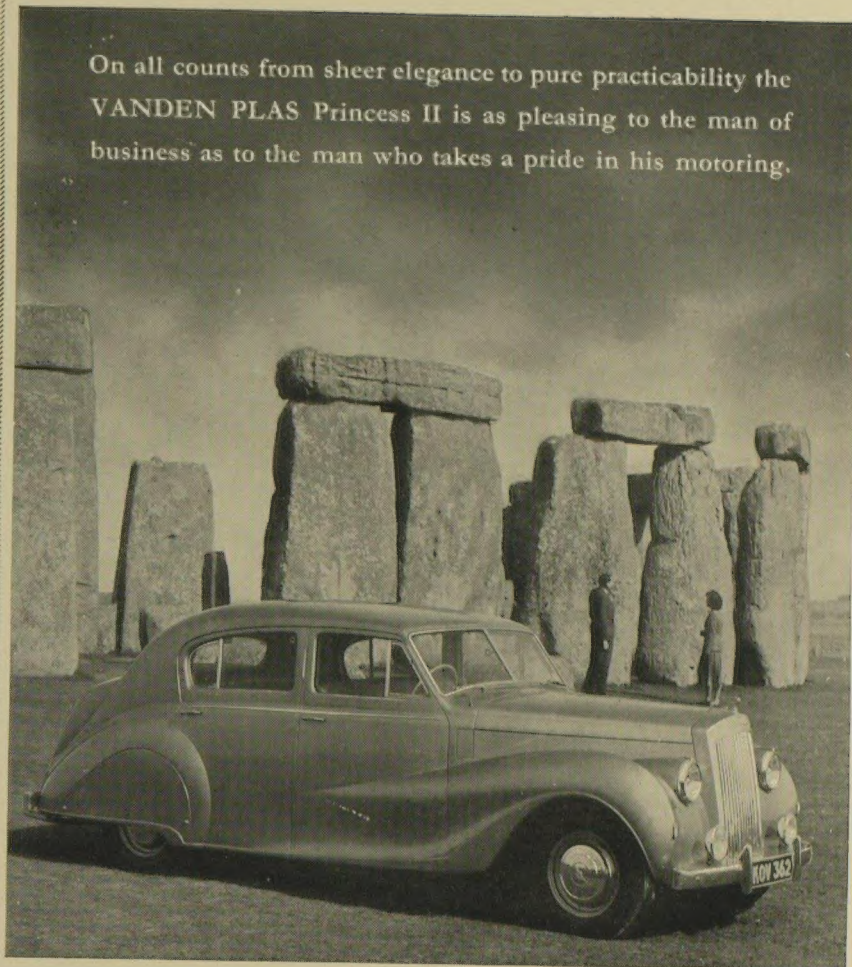


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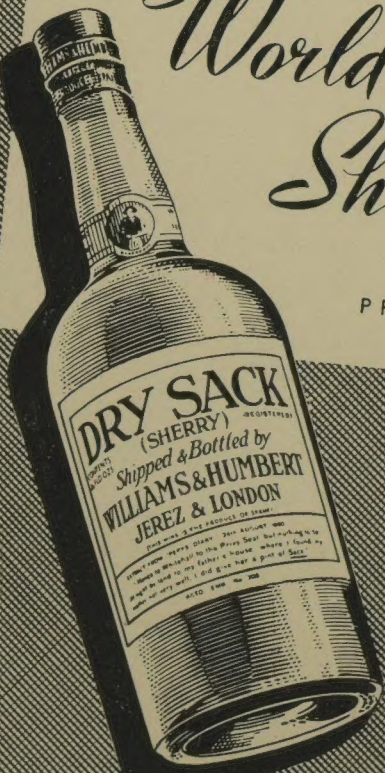
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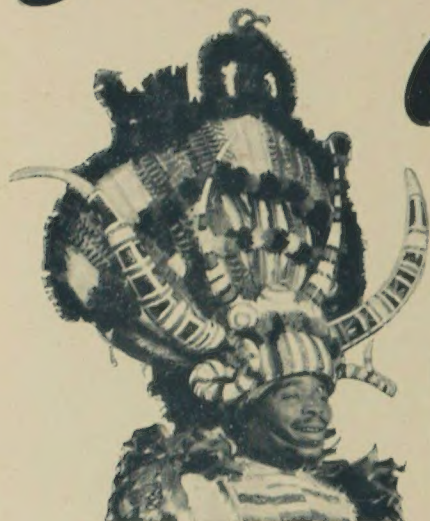
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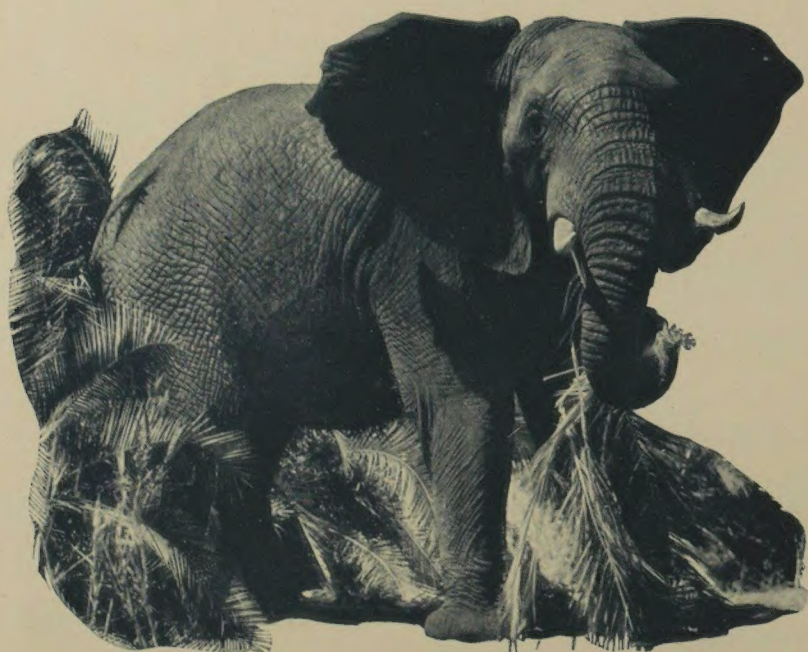
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